

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

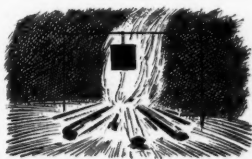
FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF  
AMERICAN LIFE  
IN FICTION FACT  
AND COMMENT

VOLUME 97 NO. 38

PUBLISHED  
EVERY THURSDAY  
\$2.50 A YEAR  
7 CENTS A COPY

SEPTEMBER 20, 1923



## The PISTOL PINCHER

A "SIX-GUN" plumped noiselessly on the hotel bed. Steve Lovell dug again into his pasteboard suitcase and was rewarded by the end of a gray sock, which he dragged out and held upside down. A second "six-gun," identical with the first, fell with a muffled thud on the bed. They were big guns, those two, not the old single-action forty-fives of the cattle days, but single-action Russian forty-fours, target guns and almost as old as the forty-fives. And both took the super-accurate forty-four-caliber special cartridge.

Tomorrow one, perhaps both, of those heavy guns would bound viciously upward with the sting of their big loads. At any rate eleven o'clock the next morning saw Steve on foot three miles north of Cheyenne. Both of the guns were hanging under his coat with their muzzles shoved down through holes in his hip pockets. Indians adorned in all the savage splendor of the seventies and mounted on boldly marked pintos passed him. And this was July, 1917!

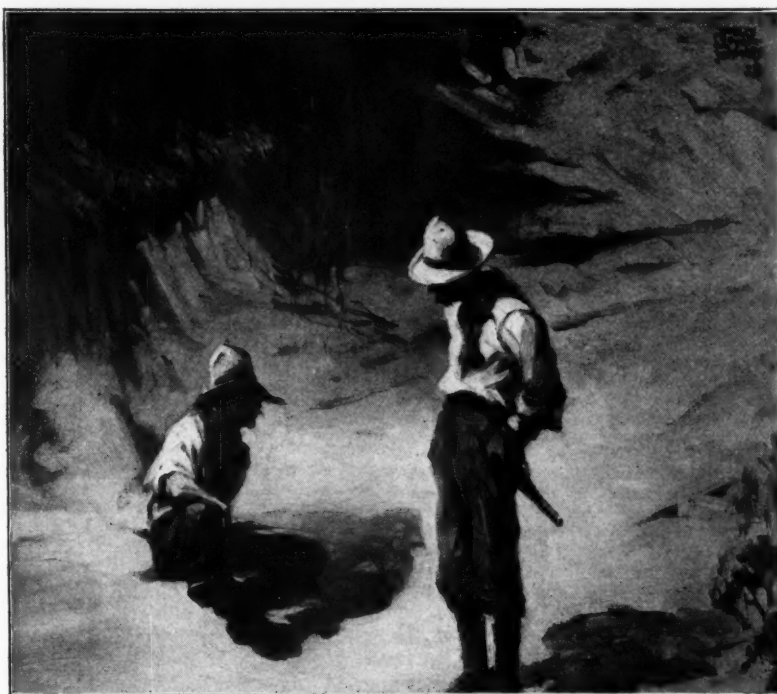
Steve turned eastward toward three huge grand stands. In a quarter of an hour he was in the crush of one of the annual crowds of Frontier Days at Cheyenne. He scrutinized faces as he worked his way to the entrance of the main grand stand. Suddenly he began elbowing his way toward a heavily built man with a white beard and gray eyes.

"Could you tell a feller where he could enter for the six-gun events," inquired Steve, examining keenly a silver star half hidden behind the man's coat.

Without changing a line of his expression, the old-timer ran a calculating eye over Steve's lank frame and freckled face. "There ain't none," he replied deliberately. "It's all ridin' and ropin'."

Steve gave the man a quick look of astonishment. "No six-gun work?" he asked. "I came clean out here from Vermont to see this here Frontier Days show, and I figured to take a hand in the shooting events."

Steve was jostled this way and that



The man in front of Rim brooded over the matter in a standing posture

as he talked. Of a sudden his hand went down behind his coat on the right side. A familiar weight was missing. He turned instantly. His gaze flew from one face to another. In less than a second it rested on a small man wiggling out of the crowd like an eel. "That's him!" yelled Steve excitedly, snatching at the old-timer's sleeve beside him. "Get that feller there! He has just pinched one of my guns!"

Those who were nearest turned quickly to look. Followed by the man with the silver star, Steve dodged in the direction he had last seen the pickpocket. Out of the crowd they looked in vain for him. Several of the others had followed them, and among them was a stocky man in a blue serge suit.

The man with the white beard scrutinized the fringe of the crowd from beneath shaggy eyebrows. "It's no use, I reckon," he said quietly to the man in the blue suit.

Steve's glance passed back and forth between the two.

"Clean you out?" inquired the man in serge.

Steve looked silently at him.

"It's all right," said the old-timer. "This feller's name is Clarke. He's a plain-clothes man from Denver. He was watching when that crook worked on you."

"He got one of my pair of target guns that I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for," said Steve quickly, answering the detective's question.

"Get a look at him?" asked Clarke while several of the crowd stopped to listen.

Steve nodded. "I'd know him," he said.



"Maybe this is him," added Clarke, shoving out an opened circular.

The paper held two pictures, the usual front and side views, photographic reprints that detective agencies are accustomed to circulate when a criminal is wanted. Beneath the pictures were the name "Omaha Joe"

and four aliases. At the top of the page was the offer of the usual one-thousand-dollar reward.

Steve looked up. "That's the man," he said quickly. "He followed me into the crowd."

The detective put his finger on the one-thousand-dollar offer at the top of the sheet. "That's yours if you can run him in. He worked on you. You know what he looks like." Clarke spoke crisply, then turned and hurried away into the crowd, leaving Steve with a lone sympathizing member of the little gathering that had been listening to the conversation.

"My name's Rim Yates," said the fellow, "and I'd be proud to horn in for a couple days' hunt, if you was aiming for action and could manage to part with half of the reward."

Steve lifted a Yankee eyebrow and examined Rim Yates from his yellow hair to his ancient but fancifully stitched cow-puncher's boots. It was a long way from Rim Yates's headgear to the ground. Steve decided at once that the fellow was keen and capable, and he replied that two on the trail would be better than one.

They spent three hours among the crowd at the arena and two hours on the crowded



By  
Fred  
Copeland

streets of Cheyenne. But Omaha Joe seemed to have left the earth. Then Rim Yates suddenly suggested Sagebrush, a new oil camp two days' ride north; he said he thought that Omaha Joe had found himself too closely watched in Cheyenne and had gone to the oil camp, where he might work with greater ease of mind. Rim said also that, if they came upon the crook and everything went well, they could get the Denver detective to come to Sagebrush with the reward and there take Omaha Joe off their hands.

The thing pulled at Steve's fancy. Adventure is a bird with strong wings and perhaps especially so to those with freckled faces. At nine o'clock that night they dismounted from a pair of hired horses in a creek valley. Rim built a small camp fire for company and afterwards busied himself examining Steve's forty-four target gun while Steve watched a tiny flame tug anxiously at the charred end of a cottonwood stick.

"I remember," Rim said abruptly, still examining the gun, "of hearin' an old-timer say, 'Don't never pull a gun unless you see it clear through.' If we run onto that crook and it comes to gun play, I'd leave this gun in my pants, if I was you."

Steve's gaze instantly shifted from the fire to the peak of Rim's head, where a bright yellow cowlick ever stood at outraged attention. "Why? There wa'n't ever a better barrel made than the one on that gun, unless it's the one on the mate to her that was pinched off me by that crook."

"I ain't complainin' about the barrel, and she's big enough for business. But this sure is a quaint gun; it's got the littlest hammer I ever saw. You've got to have the hammer back when a gun comes out."

Rim had laid the gun down. Suddenly another gun appeared in his hand; it had come from his right boot-leg.

Steve looked at it with his mouth half open; he recognized it at once for an old single-action forty-five.

"You can't do that with this here



gun of yours," said Rim, smiling. "There ain't no hammer to hook onto."

"I think I can get her cocked some way," said Steve slowly as he pulled his gun over to him and wrapped it up in an old raincoat.

The next morning, unused to the ground and the light, keen air of the mile-high altitude of the plains, Steve stirred uneasily and awoke. It was already light, and instinctively his gaze sought out the sleeping form of Rim Yates. Suddenly Steve sat up and peered keenly at the sleeping figure. One of Rim's stockinged feet was pushed free of the blanket, and slightly behind it was the heavy mottled coil of a rattlesnake.

Even as Steve stared the foot moved fitfully, and a faint, warning buzz came from the half-chilled snake. What if Rim should awake and move quickly? A numbing shiver shot through Steve as the man made a sudden unconscious movement. Instantly he dug down into his old raincoat and brought up his forty-four. With experienced smoothness he jockeyed the black snout of the gun for a safe angle. The snake showed barely beyond Rim's foot, and Steve did not dare to rise for a more open shot. It was a full minute before the weapon settled to stony stillness. Rim's foot moved uneasily as if shrinking from a dilemma either horn of which was as sharp as the other.

The stinging blast of the heavy forty-four target cartridge brought the sleeper to a dazed sitting posture. As he caught sight of the writhing object at his feet he stiffened and reached cautiously for one of his boots.

"I got him all right; his head's gone!" yelled Steve.

Rim snapped his knees up under his chin while his eyes suspiciously regarded the snake and then the gun in Steve's hand. He studied the gun a moment, got up and, coming over to Steve, shoved out a hand with a withered thumb. "I run my hand down a prairie-dog hole once, and a rattler hooked onto it. I pretty near didn't get over it. And I'm thankin' you for what you just did."

"I don't need mentionin'," said Steve. "I reckon I've got to ask you one favor," went on Rim, examining his withered thumb thoughtfully. "We'll probably run onto this crook, Omaha Joe, together, and before you go to pull any gun I'm asking for you to wait till I sit down."

"Sit down?" Steve looked at Rim in wonder. "Are you afraid I'll mess it up and plug you by accident?"

"Nope. I'm just naturally queer. If we meet up with this crook, I want to sit down."

Every freckle on Steve's face seemed to radiate curiosity, but he agreed to Rim's request.

At the end of the day they were riding side by side slowly into the twilight. The tips of the front range of the Rockies were shouldering into deep purple against a far sea of clouds glowing like wind-fanned coals on its western rim. Shortly after sundown they mounted a swell of the range, and the part-shack, part-canvas town of Sagebrush burst upon them.

Rim pulled his horse to a stop and pointed to a few trees at a little distance from the road. "If you was to go down there to that line of cottonwoods, I'll ride in town and get some canned stuff. You might start a little camp fire so's I'll find you handy. When we go into the town first together we better drift in kind of easy by daylight. If I happen to blunder onto our bird, I'll know him; I've studied them pictures careful on the paper."

Steve was not especially pleased with the plan, but he rode down to within a few yards of the creek bank, scratched together some cottonwood sticks and made a small fire. It seemed an unendingly long wait before its flame guided Rim to the spot Steve had chosen.

"See anything?" asked Steve eagerly as Rim came up.

"I sure did. He's dallying with the pasteboards in a little game right back of the room where I bought this canned stuff."

Steve jumped to his feet, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Now take my advice and lay quiet tonight," said Rim slowly. "You ain't used to this game, but you might get away with it in daylight when he ain't expecting anything."

After they had eaten and the fire had become a bed of coals Steve rolled sleepily into a blanket. He watched Rim as he sat in the faint glow from the coals; one knee was jacked up under the hook of an elbow—a posture that seemed habitual with the man.

Occasionally he ran his hand through his yellow cowlick and glanced toward the shadow where Steve was lying; then he seemed to turn his head as if listening for something in the darkness behind him. Finally Steve dropped into a fitful sleep.

Sometime in the night he stirred uneasily and awoke. As he became aware of his surroundings he sat up. A late moon was sprinkling the ground with splashes of light through the larger cottonwoods, and he looked among them for Rim. He was not there. Again Steve looked. Toward the creek bed a bush rattled. Steve knew that the horses were in a different direction from the sound, and he instantly dug his revolver from a fold in the blanket and crept from the moonlight into the deep shadow.

Standing up, he watched the bush at the point where he had heard the rattle. He shivered involuntarily as he saw the figure of a man pause for an instant on the rim of the creek bed before dropping out of sight. Shortly the sound of low voices came to him. Without waiting to find out whether Rim's saddle or the horses had been moved Steve slipped along the shadows toward the creek bank. It was twenty-five yards off, and the last ten he made on his hands and knees. From behind a clump of willows on the edge he looked down on the crusted alkali of the creek bed glowing in the moonlight like the gray surface of rain-soaked snow. Suddenly he settled back with a wildly pounding heart. There were two figures, and one of them was Rim Yates.

The man with Yates was speaking, and his voice, though low, was pitched to his argument: "Didn't you and me plan how I was to pinch something off a feller right under that Denver detective's nose, and how you was to steer the pilgrim up here where he could stick me up? Weren't we going to get the detective up here with that reward that's on me? We was going to crack the pilgrim and the detective light and easy on the head here and lift the one thousand dollars off of 'em. You ain't forgot you was to get half of that one thousand dollars, have you? You're passing up the easiest money you ever made just when the job's finished!"

"And I'm sayin' again," replied Rim Yates, "that pilgrim you worked on kept a rattler from fangin' me on the way up here. It's all off. And I'm seein' he don't get cracked on the head neither."

Up in the willow clump Steve felt the roots of his hair prickle in patches. He was looking at Omaha Joe. It was probable after all that Rim had not met the man that night, when he had gone in for the canned stuff, as he had said, but that the two had previously arranged this meeting in the creek bed.

A certain tenseness had settled over the two men. Rim Yates squatted on the ground with one hand hanging carelessly over his right bootleg just in the posture that Steve had noticed back by their first camp fire when Rim had pulled a gun so quickly. Steve held his breath whenever the hand moved. He knew now why Rim had asked to sit down if it came to gun play. The man in front of Rim brooded over the matter in a standing posture; his hands were clasped behind him.

Suddenly Steve rose silently to his feet and lifted his heavy target gun. In Omaha Joe's hands behind his back the sharp outline of the stolen target gun lay clean cut against the moonlit alkali.

"I've got it figured out on you," began Omaha Joe in a hard, sneering tone. "You've double-crossed me. You and the pilgrim are planning to get me and the thousand instead of us two taking it from the Denver detective, but —"

There was a nerve-splintering blast. An orange streak of flame darted out of the willows, and an object shedding blue lights from its polished faces spun from the hand of Omaha Joe.

Rim Yates's gun had suddenly appeared, but it stayed cold at the sound of Steve's unnatural, wiry voice from the willows: "Don't plug him. I've got his gun—my gun!" Then Steve slid down into the creek bed.

"You sure were just in time again; rattlers is hard to trust," remarked Rim Yates, holding the black eye of his gun against Omaha Joe's back while with his free hand he felt the man over for any other weapon.

It was past midnight when the three entered the diminutive station at Sagebrush, a building so small that it could hardly be called a shack. And the next evening they were still there when the express for the

Yellowstone stopped long enough for one passenger to alight; he was a stocky man in a blue serge suit. Almost instantly his gaze fell on the freckled face of Steve Lovell. "Your telegram found me, you see," he said, shaking hands briskly with Steve. "Where is he? Where've you got him?"

With his thumb Steve motioned behind him toward the tiny wooden station.

When they went in Rim Yates was leaning against the wall beside the sitting figure of Omaha Joe. The detective glanced keenly at Rim as he took his shoulder from the wall and moved along toward the door as if to guard it while Omaha Joe was being examined.

"This is the feller, all right, ain't it?" asked Steve anxiously, pointing at Omaha Joe.

Clarke nodded. "I'll take him off your hands now, but you'll have to return to Cheyenne with me and claim the reward."

Omaha Joe's eyes glittered. "You taking me and leaving him?" he demanded, straining his neck to look round behind the detective and Steve.

They turned—and then stared. Rim Yates had disappeared.

"He was my pal," Omaha Joe said, venting his spleen.

Clarke took a quick step toward the empty doorway, but Steve reached out and touched the detective's arm. "We trailed Omaha Joe together!" he whispered.

Clarke looked keenly at Steve's freckled face and steady blue eyes. They seemed to satisfy him, for after a moment he nodded.

That night the detective sent a telegram to Denver. And shortly before noon the next day they got off a train at Cheyenne with Omaha Joe safe locked to Clarke's wrist.

"Come to the office of the United States court at six o'clock," said the detective to Steve as they parted, "and I think I'll have something of interest for you."

All that Steve did that afternoon was to wait for six o'clock. The last half hour of the wait he spent on the steps of the court office. At six o'clock he went in. Had he looked behind him just as he entered the office door he would have seen a motor car glide round a corner and stop at the curb. He would also have seen Clarke get out of the car. And there was some one else, an elderly man with a white moustache and goatee and a black felt hat that gave him the aspect of a general. They quickly found Steve, and as the old general listened to the account of Omaha Joe's capture his keen gray eyes never left Steve's freckled face.

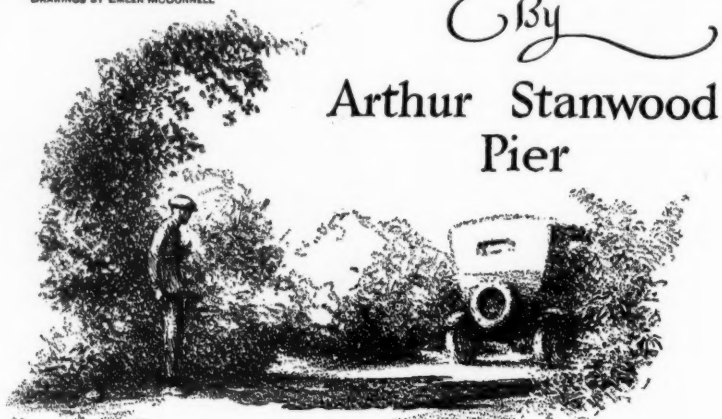
"I am the manager of the branch of the detective agency in Denver," he explained quietly when Steve had finished. "Is your full name Stephen Lovell?"

Steve nodded. The old manager took an envelope from his breast pocket, withdrew a yellow piece of paper from it and wrote Steve's name. "This is the substantial thanks of the agency," he said, handing him the paper. "And I should advise you to carry it safely home in this form."

Steve looked down at the paper; it was a check for one thousand dollars.

## RALPH ILLINSON

DRAWINGS BY EMLEN MCCONNELL



By  
Arthur Stanwood  
Pier

### Chapter Eight. News from Stuart

RALPH stood motionless for a moment, gazing after Mr. Woodbury's car. Anger and mortification struggled within him. He could not feel that Mr. Woodbury had been unjust, but he did feel that he had been unnecessarily harsh.

He was still holding the key that his employer had handed to him. He looked at it with a scowl as if he held it responsible for his misfortune. Then he put it into his pocket and with slow steps went up to the kitchen door. Yes, it was locked now. And no harm had befallen in consequence of his absence—no damage to anything except to Mr. Woodbury's collar and temper. Why couldn't the man have been more decent to him?

Ralph sauntered slowly homeward. With his soreness of heart there was also perplexity of mind. He began to wonder just what his status was. He hadn't actually been fired, but he supposed that he should be. And yet there was the key that Mr. Woodbury had handed to him just as if he were to go on in spite of all.

"Why didn't he say right out what he was going to do?" he grumbled to himself.

It occurred to him that now for the first time in a number of days he was walking along the street without a companion. "It will be just my luck to run into that big stiff," he reflected. "I'll bet he'll be laying for me somewhere."

The apprehensiveness generated by that thought supplanted for the time being his sense of injury. He walked rapidly and warily and to his relief and somewhat to his surprise reached home without being molested.

At supper when he looked at Stella he felt rather ashamed to be so preoccupied with his trouble; it was a small thing compared with hers. And when he listened to his father, who was in a mood of half-suppressed excitement and jubilation over the continued advance of the Americans, and to his mother, who felt only terror because Stuart must be in it, he was still more ashamed. He had been too much concerned with his petty personal problem to think of the fighting in which the future of the world was at stake or of his brother who was taking part in it.

"I think that Mrs. Reed has the most wonderful courage," Mrs. Illinson remarked. "She was at the Red Cross rooms this morning, working away the same as ever. I could never have done it."

"You could and you would," replied her husband. "I don't know but it takes about as much courage to go on working when you're expecting the worst as when you know the worst. And you're one of the kind that's always expecting the worst. Aren't you, Mary?"

"I can't help it, John. I—I'm trying to be prepared for it—just like you."

"Yes, that's right; but try to hope too. We're winning, remember, and the winning side doesn't have the heavy losses."

"I wish I were over there instead of Stuart," Ralph burst out suddenly. "You wouldn't worry half so much then."

"Ralph, dear, why do you say such a thing?" His mother's voice was reproachful; his father and Stella looked at him with startled eyes.

"Of course you wouldn't; oh, you'd worry. I know, but it wouldn't be the same. I'm



useless compared with Stuart, I know I am; and it's useless ones ought to be over there—not the fellows like Stuart and Harry Reed and—

And then Ralph did a totally unexpected thing; he choked, his eyes filled, he bit his lips and flushed crimson, struggling to hold back the tears.

"Ralph, you're all right," Stella said. "Don't talk foolish—"

"I'm not all right!" And the feeling of tears making their escape down his cheeks stung him to fury against himself; he was disgraced for life now. He pushed back his chair and got to his feet, crying out, "I know I'm no good, and you know I'm no good; and I wish I was out there shooting and being shot!"

He left his family gazing amazed, overawed, and rushed out of doors.

What a soft thing he was, breaking down like that, behaving before his family like a girl! He felt he couldn't go back and face them, not this evening anyway; he would have to stay out until he was pretty sure they had all gone to bed, and then he could steal quietly up to his room. He walked down the road and paused for a few moments in front of the Reeds' house; behind the drawn shades the lights shone, and his morbid imagination beguiled itself wondering what the family were doing, how they were behaving behind those shades. Then he went sauntering on until he came to Phil Allen's house, and after a brief period of hesitation he gave a whistle that he knew would identify him even to Phil's not very discriminating ear.

A moment later Phil stood illuminated in the doorway and called, "Hello, Ralph. That you? What you want?"

"Just thought I'd come in and ask you what you think I ought to do."

The deference of the speech pleased Phil; he came out on the porch, sat down in the rocking-chair and invited Ralph to take the other chair, which had a straight back and no arms.

"What's your trouble?" he asked.

"When I got up to Mr. Woodbury's this afternoon the old man was there. He'd found that I'd left the door unlocked, and he was mad as the dickens. Told me I was no good and irresponsible and a lot of other stuff like that. Talked as if he had no more use for me and drove off without giving me a chance to say a word. At the same time he didn't actually fire me. But I think he means to."

"Yes, he probably does," agreed the candid friend. "He's decided, I guess, that you're a slacker, but he wants to keep you for what you're worth till he gets some one else. That's the way they do, you know. I guess you'd better begin looking round for another job."

"But he handed the key to me almost the last thing he did. I shouldn't think he'd have done that if he meant to fire me. I should think he'd have kept it himself and given it to the next fellow that he hired."

"Oh, not necessarily. I suppose he wants you to be able to call him up if anything happens while you're still working on the place. He knows it will be easy enough to get the key from you when he fires you."

Ralph was silent a moment. Phil's judgment upon the situation swept away his last remaining props of hope.

"If he fires me," Ralph said slowly, "do you know what I'm going to do? I'm not going to stay round here, for everybody to think I'm no good. I'm going to enlist in the Marines or something—"

"You're too young."

"They'll take me if I can get my father's consent."

"He'd never give it."

"He'll have to. I'll make him see it's the only thing. He's got to give me that chance. 'Twon't be fair to keep me hanging round here and everybody thinking I'm no good. He's got to. I'm going to enlist, sure thing, somehow."

Phil had never before heard Ralph speak with quite such intensity and determination. He felt quite alarmed. His father had absolutely declined to let him enlist in the Marines; and now if Ralph should, after all, get ahead of him! Phil thought it prudent to say a reassuring word.

"I guess you're getting worked up unnecessarily," he said. "I guess Mr. Woodbury has no intention of firing you. Sure, he wouldn't; I said that just to get a rise out of you. You're awfully easy to get a rise out of, Ralph."

"What makes you think he doesn't mean to fire me?" inquired Ralph hopefully.

"Why, he'd have told you this afternoon; he isn't the kind to keep a fellow in suspense. And he'd have kept the key; he wouldn't have given it back to you; sure, he wouldn't, Ralph."

"Do you think so, honest?"

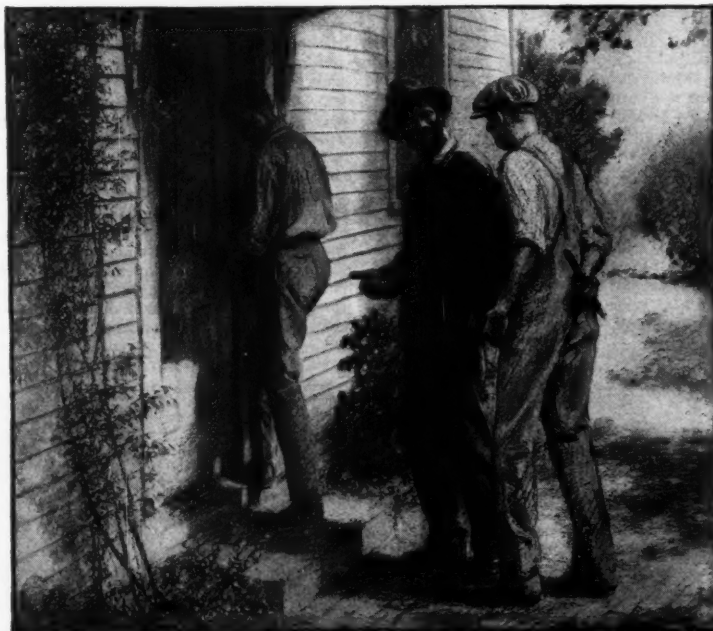
"Why, sure. And anyway, even if he should fire you, why, it's foolish for you to talk about joining the Marines."

"Why is it foolish?"

"It's perfectly ridiculous. You could never pass the physical examination, for one thing.

felt that he couldn't, without good reason, go home so early in the evening.

In the big living room Mr. and Mrs. Allen greeted him pleasantly, asked him a few questions and then resumed their game of chess. Ralph looked on for a while, but he decided that chess was too slow a game to be an interesting spectacle; and he finally settled down to read Kidnapped, which Phil assured him was almost as good as Treasure Island. He became so absorbed in it that he was startled when finally Mr.



Ralph turned the key in the lock, opened the door and stepped inside

Not for a year or two anyway. You want to remember the Marines are a picked lot of men."

"I could try anyway. They couldn't do more than turn me down."

"Yes, but, Ralph, you don't want to expose yourself to the chance of making another failure right off after getting fired. Say, it's just that kind of thing that makes a fellow lose confidence in himself, makes him a failure in life. What you want to do is to wait until you get your growth and there's no chance of being turned down; that will be in another year or so. Why, if you got fired from your job and then went up and got turned down for the Marines, you'd never get over it. It would probably just about ruin you for life. You're sensitive, you know; you feel things more than most fellows."

"Yes," Ralph assented. "That's true. I suppose I would feel it terribly."

"Of course you would. You'd be all broken up, more than any fellow I know. Whereas, if you wait a year, there will be no doubt then about their taking you, and it will make all the difference in your life."

"Well, I suppose there's something in what you say. But I hope I don't get fired. You really don't think I will, do you, Phil?"

"I wouldn't say that. The chances are about fifty-fifty, I should think."

"Why, you just told me you thought I wouldn't be."

"Yes, but as I think it over I'm not so sure. Still, we'll hope for the best."

Ralph sat on in morose silence. Phil was silent too, but placid, congratulating himself upon his skillful handling of the situation. He knew that now, whatever happened, Ralph would not attempt to enlist for another year. But it had been a real peril for a while. Ralph's family would be grateful to him if they knew! Thus ran Phil's contented meditations. But Phil was not one to sit and meditate long, even contentedly.

"Come into the house, Ralph," he said. "I'm in the middle of a dandy book, and I want to get at it. You can find something to read."

"Oh, all right."

Ralph followed his friend into the house reluctantly. He didn't want to read; he certainly didn't want to talk to Phil's father and mother; and at the same time he

Allen rose and said, "Well, boys, I think it must be your bedtime; I know it's mine."

Ralph found the lights still shining in his house; evidently his family were waiting up for him. But somehow he did not now mind so much the prospect of facing them. He entered the house and looked in at the door of the sitting room; only his mother and father were there. "Ralph dear!" called his mother; he hesitated, but she was already coming toward him, and so he went to her.

"I understand," she murmured as she kissed him. "Good night, Ralph."

His father squeezed his arm and said, "Good night, old fellow; you're getting up quite a muscle with your gardening, aren't you?"

Ralph mumbled something and went up to his room. He felt grateful to them both; they hadn't thought he'd been just kiddish in his actions; they were pretty good to understand. Lots of fathers and mothers wouldn't have had so much sense.

He went to bed and almost at once fell asleep; he awoke only when his alarm clock rang at six the next morning. After breakfast he had a few moments in which to look over the newspaper. The Germans were still being pounded back; they were retreating to the Hindenburg line. It was a fine sunny morning, with a fresh breeze blowing, the dew glittering on the lawns, the scent of the phlox blooming round the veranda sweet on the air. Ralph gave a joyous greeting to Phil when he came along the street; he felt as happy and reassured this morning as he had felt the night before despondent and uncertain.

He worked busily in Mr. Woodbury's garden that morning. He was setting poles for some late beans when he saw a woman coming up the driveway. A second glance and he saw that it was his mother. His heart pounded hard. "Stuart!" he thought; and with his heart still pounding he ran to meet her.

He knew before she spoke; he knew from the distress, the anguish in her face.

"O mother," he cried, "what is it?"

"Stuart—seriously wounded—that is all they tell us. Oh, I can't bear it; it's cruel not to tell us more!"

"So long as he isn't killed—"

"But seriously wounded may mean fatally! It may mean anything!"

Ralph was silent for a moment.

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"But seriously wounded may mean fatally! It may mean anything!"

Ralph was silent for a moment.

"Didn't the message tell a single thing more than just that he was seriously wounded?" he asked.

"No, that was all. It came about half an hour ago. I telephoned to your father and to Stella at the canning kitchen; and then I felt I must tell you. I couldn't stay at home alone any longer."

"I'll walk home with you," Ralph said. "If you want, mother, I'll stay at home with you the rest of the day."

"No, you needn't do that. O Ralph, when I think what it may mean!"

She bit her lip; Ralph winced at the look of terror in her eyes.

"I guess nearly all the seriously wounded come out in the end just as good as they were before," he said.

"Perhaps. But if it should mean that he's coming home without legs or arms or eyes!"

"It's much more likely, I feel sure, that he's just going to have a nice comfortable time for a while in a hospital, away from the fighting."

"Only to go back to it again! Oh, I hope that he's wounded just enough so that he can't fight any more, and not enough to be handicapped in any way for life!"

"I hope he is, mother."

They walked home together slowly.

"There's one thing," Ralph said, "we shan't have to wait very long to find out just how badly hurt he is. You can be sure he got somebody to write for him, if he wasn't able to write himself. Probably the cable was about ten days on the way. We ought to have a letter pretty soon now."

"Yes," agreed his mother. "I hadn't thought of that. Surely some friend of Stuart's would write to us."

"I bet Stuart will write himself," declared Ralph cheerfully. "And now look here, mother, you ought to be feeling thankful that it's not a message like the one the Reeds got."

"Oh, I am—I am!" cried Mrs. Illinson. "But I can't help being afraid!"

Ralph stayed at home the rest of the morning. He felt that his mother needed him, and that, if Mr. Woodbury discovered his absence and was not disposed to accept his excuse, he would resign his job willingly. Stella came home and like Ralph tried to present all the hopeful possibilities in the situation. Mr. Illinson telephoned from his office that he would come home early, and that he had already sent a telegram to the Red Cross asking if they could get any information.

Ralph was able to eat a hearty luncheon; his mother and Stella had not much appetite. Nevertheless Mrs. Illinson became more cheerful; she had been expecting bad news daily, hourly, and bad news had come; but it wasn't the worst possible, she said, and it might even turn out to be good news—if the injury proved not to be permanent yet kept Stuart from going back into the trenches!

"Let's all think that," said Stella, "until we have to think something else."

"I bet Stuart wouldn't think it was good luck at all if he couldn't go back to the trenches," said Ralph. "He wouldn't thank you a bit for what you're wishing him. And I tell you one thing, if he can't go back and the war lasts long enough, I'm going to take his place."

He returned to his work after luncheon. Phil was most sympathetic on hearing the news. "I'll do your work for you, Ralph," he said, "if you want to be at home this afternoon. I can, just as well as not, you know."

"No, thanks," Ralph answered; "they don't need me at home, and I'd rather be working."

Phil's tasks that afternoon took him to the farther side of the Whitney house, where he was out of sight of Ralph.

At about three o'clock a motor truck with two men on the seat drove up to the back door of the Woodburys' house. Ralph, coming down from the garden to see what was wanted, met the driver of the truck by the corner of the garage. The driver was a thick-set man with a stubby black beard and a square face, curiously expressionless. He said to Ralph:

"I'm Gross, the plumber; Mr. Woodbury asked me to clean out his furnace pipes. He told me you had the key and would let me in."

"Oh, all right," said Ralph, and he advanced to the kitchen door; he hardly noticed the other man, who was in the body of the truck bending over some tools.

Ralph fitted the key into the door.

"Come ahead, Jim," the plumber called over his shoulder to his assistant.

Ralph turned the key in the lock, opened



the door and stepped inside, with the plumber and his assistant just behind him.

"That will be about all," said the plumber.

"We know how to find our way round."

He stepped past Ralph, who for just one instant felt suspicion. Then something struck him on the head, and he fell to the floor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE JEWEL BOX

### Part IV. THE UNION BEADS

By Gertrude West

"O DEAR," cried Betty impatiently, "I don't see why they couldn't have asked me sooner."

The four Murry girls were on the porch at Hillslope at their usual morning occupation, reading the daily mail. Chloe had the newspapers. "Chloe is as good as a man in the family to read the daily papers and read them man fashion too," Linnet always said teasingly. For Chloe never bothered with folding the sheets as she finished, but cast them from her in any spread-eagle fashion in which their wide pages might choose to fall.

"Who asked you, Betsey?" Chloe inquired abstractedly from her headlines.

Ruth and Linnet, perched on the banisters, glanced up curiously from their letters.

"Mrs. Layman," answered Betty. "She wants me to sing in the Memorial Day programme tomorrow. Tomorrow!"

Chloe laughed. "Somebody's failed her, Bets, at the last moment, I'll bet a cooky. Will you oblige?"

"Why, she's been getting up that programme for days!" cried Linnet. "It's been a week since she asked Ruth to give a reading."

Betty smiled. "Ruth's sure-enough graduate talent, Linnet," she said cheerfully. "I've only a nice little parlor voice and not much training. There's a difference. Ruby Shields must have taken tonsillitis again and left them short a soloist. Well, I'm sorry, but I'll have to decline the honor. I've nothing new and appropriate either to sing or to wear."

"Take my primrose taffeta," offered Chloe lazily.

"Chloe! Primrose taffeta on a blonde like me! Besides, the skirt would be to my ankles, and the sleeves over my hands. No, thank you!"

"You may have my new georgette," proffered Ruth. "Clothes don't bother me as they do you, Betty. I can wear a white blouse and skirt."

"The idea," cried the elder sister, half laughing. "Do you think I'd let you, and you on the programme too? If I'd only known sooner, I could have had some of my own summer things ready, but clothes do make a big difference to me, and I don't care who knows it. I'm not going to get up before everyone and sing in a hot spring suit or a last summer's dress just to please Mrs. Layman."

"Especially since Hugh Langdon is coming down to march with the Legion," Linnet teased her gayly. "You may have my white voile, Betty, if you don't mind being a little extreme in the matter of short skirts."

They all laughed at that, but Betty shook her head determinedly. "I tell you I'm not going to sing," she reiterated. "I've been last-minute substitute for Mrs. Layman long enough. She needs a lesson."

Grandmother came out of the house just then with a big basket on her arm. Each year she made a loving pilgrimage to the garden and gathered the choicest blossoms for the graves marked with tiny flags on Cemetery Hill. "Who's going after flowers with me?" she asked cheerily.

"I," said Linnet, slipping off the banisters. Ruth gathered up her letters and strolled indoors, bumming.

"I'd like to do something," said Chloe, idly watching the tiny old figure and the slim young one down among the roses. "Grandmother, mother and Linnet will give their flowers; Ruth will give her reading; you'll sing—oh, yes, you will, Betty; you won't refuse; and I'll just have to stand by and blink and swallow as the flag and the khaki and the faded old blue go by. I tell you, Betty, there's something in having an ancestor in every war our country has fought. It makes one sort of kin to Old Glory!"

Betty laughed. For Chloe and Ruth and

Linnet patriotism was a thrilling, outspoken, vital thing that made tears glisten in their eyes at the heart-stirring strains of fife and drum and brought a catch to each young throat at sight of rhythmically stepping ranks of marching men. Betty herself of course had vast respect for the Stars and Stripes and for the men who had fought for it. She was proud of them, but she was not easily moved. Just now her thoughts were centred on one tall ex-service man who was coming down to march with the Legion on the morrow. "I wouldn't stand up and sing before Hugh and all of them in my last season's blue crêpe for anybody," she declared. "You're wrong, Chloe, if you think I will."

wanted me to," she responded. "But she's mistaken. I said I wouldn't, and I won't!"

It was a sober day; it could not be otherwise—the typical Memorial Day of a small town. There was the basket dinner in the park for the service men and their families and afterwards an address at the city hall; and then the townspeople gathered on the sidewalks to see the short column of faded blue and the long one of khaki march behind bands and banners to the cemetery on the hill.

Ruth had been spirited away by the executive Mrs. Layman to be conveyed to the cemetery in an automobile with the other talent, but the other Murry girls stood in the shady vantage point that Hugh had found for them, waiting for the lines to pass. They were a pretty little white-clad trio of stair steps; Chloe was a handbreadth taller than Betty, and Linnet's dark head just reached Betty's cheek. Chloe's eyes were bright; Linnet's cheeks were pink, for each felt an eager thrill of anticipation. But Betty was growing a little tired with the long wait. If it were not for seeing Hugh step by in his uniform once more, she almost thought she would slip round the corner to his car and wait there until her mother and her sisters came to join her and follow the procession on its way up to the cemetery to decorate the dead comrades' graves.

day as this could not fail to teach even the young to remember."

Betty started. Elza! Elza was grandmother's name! A moment later she heard her grandmother's soft voice responding:

"Ah, the young folks. We must only be thankful, Lucy, that the shadows of youth lift so easily. I would not have them wholly forget, and I do not think they will. Remember, we girls back in '61, how we wore our patriotism as we wore our Union beads, like a decoration?" Betty could fancy just how grandmother was smiling her understanding smile. "When peace came we laid aside the little red-white-and-blue necklaces just as these girls all about us have laid away their little gold service pins, but I don't think we altogether forgot; nor will they."

The speaker and her companion moved aside a bit then, and stealing a casual glance that way, Betty saw them, little and old and somberly clad, but with something as brave and confident in their manner as the bright little badges that marked them as Civil War widows. All at once the girl found herself wondering, if Hugh had not come back from France, whether she herself would be taking the day's ceremony in so casual a way? Would she have thought of her dress and have let the thought outweigh the chance to do something, ever so little, for these gallant old men and these

sure-eyed boys who had saved her country? Had she too "gone back" from that "best moment" when with aching heart she had watched these same young soldiers setting out for France not so long ago? Then it had seemed that no sacrifice could be too big to make, and today—

She looked down at her simple white dress, and all at once it did not seem to matter a great deal. "Chloe," she said abruptly to her tall sister, "I'm going to find Mrs. Layman. I think after all, if she wants me to, I'll sing."

Chloe and Linnet did not see Betty again either during the drive to the cemetery or during the brief, solemn military ceremony that followed. There was the sad little service that the chaplain read above the newest flag-marked grave, the muffled salute and then taps while the Stars and Stripes dipped slowly to touch the small flag in the grass. Following that tribute came the short programme of the townspeople in honor of the day.

"Aren't you proud she is a Murry?" whispered Linnet, pinching Chloe's arm as their bright-haired Ruth stood up before the crowd and did her part in her own gallant, gracious way—her tender voice did honor to the flag, to the veterans and to the dead.

But a moment later the two watching sisters caught their breath, for Betty had stepped out in her old white dress and was standing before them all.

"I wonder," murmured Chloe; "she said she had nothing new and appropriate; what will she sing?"

They were not long in doubt. Betty's eyes went momentarily to

Hugh, then beyond him to the long file of khaki and the short one of faded blue, and with a new, slightly tremulous expression she began to sing to the accompaniment of a single bell-toned cornet:

"We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground;

Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, a song of home,  
And friends we love so dear."

On the instant there was a deeper hush upon the hushed crowd; the billowing, silken flag trembled a little in the bent, gray color bearer's hand. A hasty old blue sleeve drew suddenly across a pair of misty eyes.

Perhaps the tune touched more deeply the old veterans in Civil War uniform; it was a song of their time, of their camp and full of memories for them; but the message of the sweet voice and the tender words were for all, old and young.

Suddenly the long lines, blue and khaki alike, were standing uncovered in the golden afternoon sun.

On the way home Betty listened with shining eyes to the plaudits of her family.

"Honestly now," inquired Linnet, "cross your heart, Betty, did you ever once stop to think of your dress?"

"Not once," replied Betty promptly.



On the instant there was a deeper hush upon the hushed crowd

Memorial Day came up a blue, breezy, blossoming morning such as belongs only to May. The Murry girls, dressing in the two upper rooms, talked of the coming ceremonies while they hooked one another up. Ruth was the only one gowned with more than ordinary care. In a frock of dull green crêpe and with her bronze hair shining under a dainty crêpe hat she made a pretty note of color among the others, all of whom were in the sheerest and crispest of white.

"Do yourself proud, Ruthie," directed Chloe, turning her slim sister about for a better view of her new gown. "You look to me just like the first slim green blade of spring."

Hugh came out for half an hour before the programme began and drove the whole Murry family into the little town where the ceremonies were to take place. It looked a bit odd and unreal to see him in trim khaki once more. Somehow his good-looking young face seemed to have taken on a bit of sternness with the uniform, as if an old, sobering, man-making memory, folded away with the army clothes, had come back again.

"It's good to see you all," he said, "and to meet the boys again. Chloe tells me you're to sing for us, Betty." To Hugh Betty's simple gift had been always a wonderful thing to which he loved to listen.

But now the girl shook her dainty head with gay stubbornness. "Chloe meant she

She was idly watching the crowd round her, and her thoughts were far afield, when Chloe suddenly clutched her arm. "They're coming," cried the younger sister, and there was an odd little thrill in her usually calm voice.

At once Betty heard far down the street the whistle of a fife and the rumble of drums. The head of the column came into sight, a handful of feeble, old, blue-coated veterans, stooped and wavering but stepping out briskly to the martial music. The big silk flag drooped gently against the color bearer's silver hair. Behind them came the Legion, long, rhythmically-stepping, olive-drab files; the browned young faces were set ahead, and the eyes of many were strangely sobered, perhaps with thoughts of other marches.

Betty frowned a little impatiently; it was so much like that bleaker, sterner day just lived through when the boys had gone away. Why need it all be gone over? Why bring back all the heartache for the sake of one day's pageantry?

And as if in answer to her thoughts a thin voice spoke behind her: "How soon people forget! A little while ago we were ready to declare that greed had left the world for brotherhood. We thought Christ's own kingdom was upon us, and how soon we've gone back! It seems folks always go back from the flood tide of their best moments, and as long as they do it looks, Elza, as if such a



"Somehow the old tune and the old dress seemed to belong together. And I'm glad I did it," she ended with frank sweetness, "just awfully glad I did it! It somehow made me feel"—she glanced with a smile toward Chloe—"sort of kin to Old Glory."

Grandmother, though she kept smiling happily to herself, said little. All the evening she sat with gently folded hands, busy with the memories that the day had brought. Long after the rest had gone indoors she sat on the porch in the warm May moonlight, rocking idly to and fro. When at last

she rose and went inside she stopped only a moment in her own room and then went on, stepping softly, to the one that Chloe and Betty occupied.

The two girls were asleep with tumbled hair on the pillow; Chloe's face was tranquil and lovely; Betty's looked vaguely happy in her dreams. Betty was smiling a little, like a child. As grandmother bent above them there was a smile upon her furrowed old face. "No," she repeated softly to herself, "they will not forget." And very, very gently, so as not to disturb the sleepers, she fastened

round Betty's slender throat the cherished, gaudy little necklace of her own girlhood—the Union beads of '61.

The jewel box is almost empty now. There are left in it only the little string of pearls for the first bride and grandfather's huge old watch and seals for the first great-grandson. But grandmother only smiles when she sees the little faded plush lining of the little silver casket where her treasures used to be. "There are things more precious than old trinkets," she says, "things that do not tarnish."

END OF THE SERIES

gave them five minutes to choose between fetching it or being shot. Without waiting, however, the officials entered the building and poured the treasure into some buckets; then, issuing an order to the Americans to go on with their work and to make no effort to leave the mines on penalty of arrest and imprisonment, they took the precious metal away with them.

At first neither Hughes nor Beckwith could believe that their rough visitors were other than bandits; but a laborer who came up from Tagilsk the next day informed them that the town was in possession of a Red garrison and that the Demidovs had fled into Siberia. The two Americans would gladly have left Russia, but to attempt that was perilous. Moreover, they should have to leave the oscillator and the whizzer behind, and the machines were rather dear to their hearts. They concluded to go on for a while and see what would happen, and did so for a number of months. For a time the Reds paid them no more visits. The Bolshevik garrison at Tagilsk was soon withdrawn to fight a Cossack general who was having temporary success against Trotsky and Lenine. Of the Demidovs the young men could hear nothing.

They took the precaution to deduct their percentage of what they mined and to secrete it by night at some distance from the *zavod*. The sixty-eight per cent of the platinum and gold that was rightfully Demidov's they allowed to accumulate at the mine. The precaution was wise, for after a time a squadron of cavalry came to take possession of it in the name of the Cossack general, who—so the captain of the troop informed them—had conquered the Bolsheviks. But, so far as Beckwith and Hughes were concerned, the general might as well have been Trotsky, for the officer seized all the gold and platinum at the mine without even giving a receipt for it; and he also ordered the two Americans to go on working.

As there was nothing else to do they continued to work and also to deduct and secrete their own share of the product. But other troubles soon beset them. No more food supplies came up from Tagilsk, and they had to forage for themselves and for their laborers as best they could among the people of the little hamlets in the mountains. Moreover, now that all law and order was at an end, bandits made their appearance; the *zavod* was twice attacked, but the Americans, who had procured arms, beat the robbers off.

In one of the affrays the old Yorkshireman who worked under Hughes was severely wounded. The honest-hearted Englishman, whose name was Farrar, lived at the *zavod*; he had two children, Mary, aged seven, and a younger boy, Neddy, aged five. The mother of the children had died two years before. Farrar had lost his left leg in a mining accident, but was able to work and could walk about with the help of a wooden leg and a cane.

After some months another enemy of the Bolsheviks, General Semenov, sent a detachment to take possession of the mines. His rascals, like the others, seized what gold and platinum they could find, but did not remain long. Trotsky's Reds came back and drove them out.

Hughes and Beckwith were at once put under arrest on the charge of giving up treasure to the Cossacks. They expected nothing better than being shot, since down at Tagilsk the Reds had executed eighteen persons without even the mockery of a trial. But apparently the prospect of future loot from the American machines was too attractive. Craig and Wallace were released and ordered to go on working, but were bidden to send what they mined down to the Red commandant at Tagilsk every three days. No one thought of paying them for their services. They were virtually prisoners condemned to work for the soviet despots.

They now considered more seriously the matter of possible escape from Russia. In fact they were risking their lives by remaining; at any moment and on any trivial suspicion or pretext the blood-crazed Reds might take a notion to shoot them. It was no longer a matter of saving their machines; could they get away with their lives and perhaps with what platinum they had managed to secrete? The gold they dared not try to take.

Their situation was hazardous from every point of view. They were two thousand miles from the frontier of any friendly country. But at last after long deliberation they hit on a project as bold as it was ingenious.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## PRECIOUS PLATINUM

### Chapter One. Mining for the Reds

PLATINUM was worth a hundred and five dollars an ounce during the war, more than five times as much as gold. A person could carry enough in his pocket or at least inside the lining of a traveling bag to make him reasonably well off, as is illustrated in the account given here of the escape from Russia of two young American mining engineers. That escape was risky business.

But we must go back a little. For many years nine tenths of the world's supply of platinum came from mines in the Ural Mountains, which, as we learned from our first lessons in geography, separate Russia from Siberia and are among the oldest mountains on the surface of the earth. Peter the Great—so the story goes—had sent one Nikita Demidov, whom he trusted as much as he ever trusted anyone, to investigate and report to him on the mineral wealth of his country. Peter was looking for gold; he was always in need of money. Demidov found other metals as well as gold and brought his master a full account of them. To reward his faithful servitor Peter gave him some of the mining properties, and later other members of the Demidov family went into the Urals and worked the mines extensively. The platinum deposits were a later discovery. Thus was laid the foundation of the immensely wealthy Demidov estate at Nijni Tagilsk.

Later czars derived large revenues from the platinum as well as from the gold of the Urals. Ekaterinburg, named for Peter's wife, Catherine, was the headquarters of the mining industries and by 1917 had come to look much like an American city, since it had electric lights, trolley cars and other modern features; it was the place of hail and residence of most of the foreign mining engineers and mining experts, who were largely Americans, Scotchmen and Englishmen in the pay of the imperial Russian government. In that year came the soviet cataclysm, which upset mining as it upset everything else in Russia.

Mines were ransacked; accumulated products were looted, and most of the foreign mining men either were imprisoned on suspicion or were turned adrift without pay. Among them were the two Americans, Craig Beckwith and Wallace Hughes, an account of whose experiences has come to me by way of my old friend and boyhood neighbor Thomas Edwards, of late in the oil business at Baku and Astrakan.

On account of a difficulty he got into at the district school Thomas Edwards left his home in Maine to go to Bradford, Pennsylvania, where he had an uncle engaged in boring for petroleum. Three or four years later he went abroad in the service of the celebrated Nobel brothers, who were then exploiting the newly-discovered oil fields at Baku, as was related in *The Companion* some years ago in a story entitled the Sacred Fire.

Thomas Edwards's prosperity in that far-off quarter of the world had naturally stimulated other ambitious Americans to seek their fortunes there; Beckwith and Hughes were among the number. Young Beckwith was, I believe, a graduate of the school of mines at Pittsburgh, and Hughes had been at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Both were of an inventive turn of mind and were much interested in mechanics; after going to Astrakan and visiting Ekaterinburg Beckwith invented a dry process for mining platinum. The principal novelty of it is a blower driven by an eight-horse-power kerosene engine; the object is to separate the platinum from the gravel by means of an air blast instead of with water, which is used in ordinary placer mining. The dry process has a good many

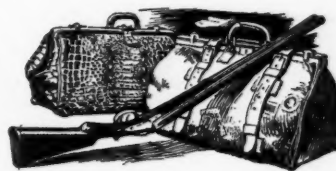
advantages, since more or less of the platinum in the Urals is found in the beds of little ravines and gulches close to the summit of the range, where water is unobtainable. Platinum occurs in little scales and grains, although occasionally in nuggets of larger size up to half a pound; one huge nugget indeed is reported to have weighed twenty-five pounds. Platinum is heavy—it has approximately the specific gravity of gold—and where water is abundant can be washed from the gravel beds in much the same manner as gold is washed. Wishing a popular name, Craig called his invention the "whizzer," for when in operation on the platinum-bearing gravels it made a shrill, whizzing sound.

Equally inventive, Wallace Hughes perfected what he termed the "oscillator" for mining placer gold, also without the use of water. Briefly, the oscillator consists of a square-bottomed spout thirty or forty feet long, set at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees; a kerosene engine shakes it violently and at the same time rocks it. Native laborers shovel the gravel into the upper end of the spout, inside which and running the entire length of it is a revolving shaft with short projecting arms that constantly stir up the gravel as it is borne on and down. Thus the gravel is not only forcibly shaken and rocked but stirred all the way along the spout, and the heavy grains of gold sinking downward through the lighter detritus lodge in transverse riffles on the bottom. Both inventions are designed for use where water is scarce.

When running the oscillator makes a peculiar growling noise; the native Kirghiz laborers called it "the growler" and sometimes "the bear"; indeed when heard at a little distance it sounds a bit like the growling of a big Siberian bear. The whizzer too makes a peculiar growling sound. When under full headway both machines kick up a tremendous dust.

After exhibiting their inventions at Ekaterinburg our two young fellow countrymen journeyed up to Nijni Tagilsk, the chief town of the great Demidov estate, in the hope of selling their machines for a handsome sum. They found the Demidov who was then the proprietor of the estate very

By  
C. A. Stephens



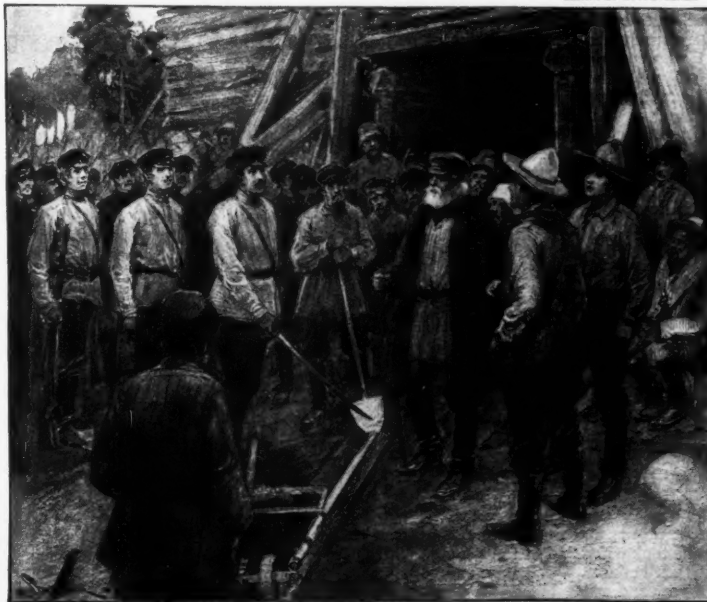
cautious about investing money. But at last he offered them a contract to go up into the mountains over toward the Chusovaya River and run the machines on the Demidov properties; the contract would give the Americans thirty-two per cent of what gold and platinum they could mine, and the estate would furnish native labor and food. The young men had accepted the proposal and had been up in the mountains about seven months and were doing remarkably well with their machines when one morning the Reds appeared.

Two commissaries with a squad of soldiers came to the *zavod*, or mining works, and demanded in the name of the new soviet government the surrender of whatever gold and platinum had been mined. In that remote place the Americans had heard nothing of the Red revolution at Petrograd; as yet they knew only a few words of Russian. Hughes's foreman, however, a one-legged old man who had been on the Demidov estate twenty years, understood what the commissaries had said to them and explained it to the Americans. Beckwith and Hughes demurred at first and described the nature of their agreement with the Demidov proprietors. To that argument the officials replied curtly that Demidov no longer owned anything, that everything belonged to the soviet.

There was about half a pood—eighteen pounds—of platinum and nearly twice as much gold at the *zavod*; being ordered to produce it, Hughes refused, and Beckwith insisted that their share of thirty-two per cent should be deducted. The commissaries

The commissaries gave them five minutes to choose between fetching it or being shot

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER







*The Washington Elm*

This historic tree, enfeebled by age, attacked by borers and beetles, riven by the elements and choked by the encroaching highway, is dead

### FACT AND COMMENT

A PROSPEROUS MAN is like a tree, which men beset so long as its fruits last.

Streams tear the Hills; the Sea invades the Sand;  
All Water wages endless War on Land.

EVEN THE EDUCATED MAN sometimes finds out that what he doesn't know is just what he wants; that what he knows he can't use.

ARTIFICIAL REFRIGERATION now accounts for most of the ice used in the United States. The production of ice by artificial methods began in New Orleans as long ago as the Civil War, but the growth of the industry is comparatively recent. According to the census of 1920 every state except New Hampshire and Vermont has artificial ice factories.

ALTHOUGH THREE QUARTERS of the original soft-wood forests of the nation have been cut down, the United States still has a supply second only to that of Russia. If it could be handled with proper forestry methods, it would be enough for our requirements, but unfortunately timber is being cut four or five times as fast as it is planted or allowed to grow.

MANY LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANIES, according to the Insurance Journal, no longer consider an airplane flight as so hazardous as to invalidate a policy. The main restriction is that the policyholder shall fly only over an established route in a machine operated by a regular transportation company. The companies still bar casual flights with itinerant aviators.

THE NEW YORK BUILDING ZONE resolution of 1916 has forced architects to design a pyramidal style of architecture for the new skyscrapers. There are six zones of varying height allowance. In the zone of greatest allowance a building may rise two and one half times the width of the street before it begins to slant inward; in the zone of the lowest allowance, only three quarters of the width of the street. Above that point a building must be contained within a line drawn from the middle of the street through the top of the wall on the lot line. The pyramidal effect of the newer buildings is most interesting; artistically they are much more pleasing than the old straight front, and people in the street are able to see the sun for several hours in the day.

A PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS decided that he would supplement his meagre income by raising chickens. With just enough money to buy a hen and a setting of eggs he made a beginning, and then sat down after dinner one evening to figure out his expected increase. If ten chickens were hatched and half of them were pullets, he would have in a few months six hens, and on the same basis again thirty-six, and another year two hundred and sixteen. From there on his progress would be rapid. By eight o'clock he had several thousand acres devoted to coops and runs. By nine o'clock he had spread beyond the boundaries of his own state. Just before bedtime he was reaching out for more land in South America, at which point he went out

and killed the hen, for he hadn't the heart to crowd the human race off the face of the earth. It is unfortunate that he made the last two or three computations; if he had stopped just short of them, he could have qualified to write prospectuses and so made a comfortable living without working.

### THE PRESIDENT'S BURDEN

THE physical breakdown of President Wilson and the lamented death of President Harding during their respective terms of office have awakened us all to a realization of the burden of responsibility and labor that our chief magistrates are called upon to bear. It has been said by those who are familiar with the facts that that burden is twice as great today as it was when McKinley was President and probably four times as heavy as it was in the leisurely days before the Civil War. Only a man who is comparatively young, physically in perfect condition and temperamentally placid can be expected to take the strain without unfortunate results.

It is generally admitted, therefore, that we must find some way to lighten the tasks of the President. He must be relieved from the load of routine and detail that now occupies so much of his time and demands so much of his nervous energy. Senator Edge of New Jersey wants the duty of administering the budget, which was recently added to the President's responsibilities, transferred to the Vice President. Mr. John Brooks Leavitt, an eminent lawyer of New York, believes that the second article of the Constitution, properly construed, would now permit the President to delegate to the Vice President any duties that he found himself unable to perform for any reason—provided of course that Congress first passed a statute authorizing him to do so. Other men say that a law limiting a President to a single term would help. Mr. Walter F. Brown, who, at President Harding's request, framed a plan for the reorganization of the executive departments that was laid before Congress last year, advises the creation of a new office—that of assistant to the President, who should be authorized, under the President's direction, to sign papers, reply to letters and attend to the tedious and exhausting interviews with Congressmen on the eternal subject of appointments to office. It is Mr. Brown's opinion that a President cannot now give more than two hours a day to the really important business of his office, so overburdened is he with the mass of social and administrative detail that has accumulated upon his shoulders.

Something must be done, and quickly, to reorganize the present executive system. In the meantime the people themselves should help their servant the President by expecting less of him socially. They should not take so much of his time by their calls at the White House and by maneuvering through their Congressmen to get personal interviews with him. They should not expect him to turn his "vacations" into tiresome railway trips, punctuated by exhausting receptions and public addresses. The President needs more real rest and gets less of it than any other citizen in the United States.

So long as the President is head of a party as well as chief executive he probably cannot escape entirely the constant stream of politicians, who consume his time and his nervous strength with their appeals, their demands and their complaints. But nothing does more to depress a President's vitality than the dreary duty of dispensing patronage. It is probably too much to expect the politicians, intent on personal or party advantage, to be considerate of their unfortunate chief, but what a happy surprise it would be if they were to become so!

### A HISTORIC TREE

THE Washington Elm at Cambridge is dead and must, we suppose, be cut down. Thus passes the most famous tree in the United States. When the weight of historic association is considered it is, perhaps, the most famous tree in the world. Americans who preserve a sentimental attachment to the monuments of the past will feel a sort of personal loss in the death of this old elm akin to that which they feel when some eminent and useful citizen passes away.

Under this tree George Washington stood when he took command of the Revolutionary army, then besieging the British in Boston. It was a year and a day before the Declaration

of Independence was voted in Philadelphia. It was not quite three months after the first clash of arms at Lexington and Concord. The elm was a noble and slightly tree then, and it has lived on for almost a century and a half to remind succeeding generations of the toil and sacrifice through which our national independence was gained.

And if, as seems certain, the liberty of France and the world-shaking consequences of the French Revolution can be traced back to their source in our own struggle for freedom, the Washington Elm is a monument that the lovers of liberty and self-government all the world over may venerate. It is a strange coincidence that the tree should die just as the world is passing out of that historical era which may almost be said to have begun with the event that took place under its branches into an era the meaning and the course of which we cannot yet foresee.

Fortunately, the famous elm does not die childless. A thrifty shoot from it was planted some years ago on Cambridge Common; and it may in time become almost as much an object of pilgrimage as the parent tree itself.

### THINKING AND KNOWING

IT is possible to know a good many things and yet to be shallow or inaccurate or incoherent as a thinker. It is also possible to have not much knowledge and yet to think accurately and connectedly on such matters as come within one's range—though it seldom happens that a person with this capacity for thought does not rapidly extend the scope of his knowledge. A statement, however, that seems to us wholly untrue is this which occurs in the autobiography of one of the best-known of living Americans: "It often happens that a man can think better if he is not hampered by the knowledge of the past."

Perhaps what was in the eminent American's mind when he wrote those words was the idea that the untutored intellect is more original in invention, more resourceful, more alert, than that of the man who has been educated by a study of the ideas and acts of other men. Even so, it is a singular hypothesis, and the weight of such evidence as history affords is all against it. Great discoveries have not been made by men who were entirely ignorant of the work that had already been done in the field in which they were laboring. Nor have great inventions taken complete form in the brains of men who had no knowledge of the appliances and devices of a kindred sort that had preceded their efforts to solve a mechanical problem. The seas of statecraft are strewn with the wrecks of those who ventured on them without the charts that the knowledge of the past might have supplied. The great works of literature and science and art have not been achieved by men who felt that knowledge of the past would hamper them rather than help them.

The processes of creative labor are obscure, but the idea that the creative power of the mind is likely to be sapped by the exercise of its acquisitive power is absurdly fallacious. The wider and more accurate a man's knowledge the more closely and cogently will he be able to reason.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD NAME

A GOOD many years ago a boy named John Rowlands ran away from a Welsh workhouse and by and by made his way to America, where he found the first friend and benefactor that he had ever known. This foster father, Henry Morton Stanley, died soon after, and the boy, out of affection for his memory, adopted his name. It is likely that the historic English family of Stanley for a long time did not hear of the assumption of their name by an obscure waif, but, if they did, they might very justly have reasoned that, if the boy proved worthy, so much more glory to the name of Stanley. On the other hand, should his career be marked with misdeeds the stigma would attach to the name of Henry Morton Stanley alone. In this case it turned out that within twenty-five years Henry M. Stanley's fame resounded more widely through the world than that of his distinguished contemporaries, Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster, and Edward Stanley, Earl of Derby.

It was only the other day that a young American, burdened with the difficult name of Kabotchnik, handed down to him by his forbears from eastern Europe, petitioned the

court for permission to change it to Cabot. Now, that happens to be the name of a family that has a long and distinguished history in America. Representatives of this old family opposed the petition on the ground that the adoption of the name by an obscure person would deceive people into thinking that he was a scion of their ancient house. As this was clearly not the purpose of the petitioner, and as there are Cabots scattered all over the United States, many of whom are ignorant of their ancestry, or who derive their name from other ancestors than the eminent Massachusetts family, the plea was granted.

The chances are, of course, that the new Cabot and his posterity will never again enjoy such distinction as this innocent petition occasioned during a few brief days. It is never safe to prophesy, however, that obscurity is a hereditary taint. If we were to eliminate from Who's Who the names of all who do not come of famous parents, the book would diminish to the size of a pamphlet. No one knows how many myriads of unhonored, unsung Smiths had gone their way to dusty death before Capt. John Smith, soldier, adventurer and explorer, rescued the name from oblivion forevermore. There were Joneses as well as kings before Agamemnon, and it may be that some honest burgher Joneses, neighbors to young John Paul, took umbrage when he made Jones his surname, fearing that he would discredit it. However that may be, his career as a naval officer in the service of the United States imparted a greater lustre to the name of Jones than it has got from most of the men who bore it by way of inheritance.

To be proud of one's name and family is not a thing to be condemned; it is commendable; but it is unwise to assume that no outsider could ever bear the name and live up to it. Old families have a tendency to go to seed, and they might do worse than welcome to their names some of these robust immigrants who make so much of the opportunities that the new world extends to them, yet feel themselves slightly handicapped by patronymics that few of their fellow citizens have either the time or the vocal organs to pronounce.

### ELLIS ISLAND

THE British Ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes, acting on the complaints of British subjects who have had unpleasant experiences at the immigrant detention station at Ellis Island, has made to his government a report in which he criticizes very sharply the conditions that he observed at the island. He found the quarters overcrowded, unclean and generally uncomfortable and declares that decent and respectable persons who are unfortunately subject to detention there ought not to have to undergo the hardships that they must now endure.

Let it be admitted at once that conditions at Ellis Island are not satisfactory. Under the present system of limitation and examination they probably never can be. Sir Auckland Geddes himself says that the conditions of which he complains are not so much the fault of the administering officials as of the immigrants themselves. A very large proportion of those who are detained are diseased or unused through their poverty and their manner of life at home to cleanly and sanitary habits. Under the old system of unrestricted immigration few if any of the better-bred aliens would have had to submit to confinement with such persons. They would have been passed expeditiously through the station and permitted to land. But under the new law, which establishes monthly quotas from each foreign country, a certain number of desirable immigrants, whose only offense is that they are in excess of the stipulated quota, are every month obliged to spend some time at least in the detention pens. It is this sort of immigrant who complains, and reasonably, of what he has to undergo at Ellis Island.

Sir Auckland Geddes suggests that some way ought to be found to examine immigrants at the ports of departure, so that those who are sure to be turned back for one reason or another shall not make the journey only to meet disappointment at the end. That is what our own immigration authorities have always recommended. The difficulty has been that the other nations have not liked the idea of having American officials examine their citizens on their home soil. But it is not really necessary to have the examination conducted by Americans. If the European governments would undertake the duty themselves and permit only those to take



ship who seem clearly eligible, they would spare their less fortunate citizens a great deal of discomfort and unhappiness.

Meanwhile our own lawmakers ought to try to find a way to amend the immigration law so as to make the enforcement of the quota provisions less of a hardship to self-respecting men and women from abroad. If nothing else can be done, it seems that those who are detained merely because they are in excess of the quota of their nation might be kept in quarters different from those who are turned back for other reasons. That would meet most of the criticisms that the British Ambassador makes.

## The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

*"In 1635 Jean Nicolle, French interpreter at the Huron Mission, fired by tales of almond-eyed palefaces beyond the sunset, broke a fresh trail through the Western wilderness and was the first white man to gaze upon Lake Michigan, the first to set foot upon Wisconsin soil."*

That scene is the subject of the Historic Milestone cover on The Companion next week, adding one more to the now long list of important historic incidents signalized in the series of paintings reproduced in full color for our subscribers.

## CURRENT EVENTS

THE most sensational episode in the government's campaign against the violators of the Volstead Law was the arrest of some eighty-four persons who are charged with being members of the chief organization of "bootleggers" in the country. This ring of traffickers in illicit whiskey has its headquarters at Savannah, Georgia, and it is said that unbelievable quantities of liquor have been landed by smuggling craft in the lonely bays and inlets along the South Atlantic Coast and distributed from Savannah all over the country. The alleged head of the organization is a man named William Haar; treasury agents connected with the income-tax division declare that he has been receiving an income of a million dollars a year—but not paying a tax on it. The trial of the accused men will be an occasion of the greatest importance. The newspapers find additional interest in the fact that a woman, Mrs. Mabel W. Willebrandt, who is an assistant attorney-general of the United States, was in charge of the investigation that resulted in the arrest of the lawbreakers.

THE Five-Power Naval Treaty and the Four-Power Pacific Treaty, negotiated at the Washington Conference, became finally effective on August 17, when ratifications were formally exchanged at Washington among the representatives of all the nations concerned.

THE owner of Papyrus, the winner of the Derby, and admitted to be the fastest three-year-old colt in Great Britain, is going to bring his horse over to this country and race him against the best three-year-old that we can find. It is planned to have the race at Belmont Park near New York on October 20. A purse of \$100,000 is to be offered, one fifth to go to the loser. The American candidate to be chosen after a trial race on September 15 will probably be either Zev or Wilderness or Flagstaff or Martingale or The Clown. The race will naturally attract a great deal of attention in both countries.

WHEN the Free State authorities sent a battalion of soldiers to Ennis in County Clare and arrested Eamonn De Valera on the platform from which he was speaking it seemed possible that a renewal of the guerilla warfare on the part of the Republicans might follow. It did not, however, and the Irish applied themselves with unexpected restraint to the conduct of the elections for members

of the Free State Parliament. Republican candidates ran in most districts. Mr. De Valera himself was a candidate in Clare and was elected. The present government will probably have the support of one hundred out of one hundred and fifty-three members of Parliament.

A NEWSPAPER dispatch from Chicago declares that a highly-educated man, whose name it gives, a civil engineer by profession, and a holder of several academic degrees, had declined the offer of a professorship in a college unspecified in order to become a plasterer at \$104 a week in Chicago. We do not know whether the dispatch is authentic or not; but it is completely plausible. At present pay a young man who wants money will do better at plastering than at professional work of any sort. Whether he will be better off twenty years from now is another matter.

THE German Socialists have not yet met with success in demanding the retirement of Herr Havenstein, who has long been president of the Reichsbank, but his resignation is expected. Havenstein is charged—with justice—of being in part to blame for the suicidal financial policy of the German government, and the Socialists accuse him of giving every assistance to the big industrial leaders in their campaign of speculation with the falling mark, which has resulted in their own enrichment and the ruin of millions of thrifty Germans of the middle and working class. Although the new Chancellor, Herr Stresemann, has in the past been pretty closely associated with the leaders of German industrialism, he appears to understand the necessity of an about face in the reckless financial policy of the government. He is said to think well of the plan of obliging the great corporations to issue new stock in the proportion of one share to four outstanding, the new stock to be paid over to the government as a basis for a new and stable currency and a source of reparation payments. By the time he has put that idea through he will know that he has been in a fight.

THE National Bureau of Economic Research finds that the length of the working week of the average American employee is 50.3 hours. That represents a reduction of thirty-six minutes in the last two years.

THE first transcontinental air-mail service was inaugurated on August 21 when an aeroplane left New York for San Francisco, carrying mail for that city, and another left San Francisco for New York. The journey was made in seven relays; machines and pilots were changed at Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City and Reno. The westward trip was made safely in about thirty-four hours. The eastward trip was interfered with by foggy conditions near Laramie, Wyoming. The second eastward flight was made in about twenty-eight hours, and the third eastward flight consumed only twenty-six hours and fourteen minutes.

GOVERNOR McMASTER of South Dakota found that in that state gasoline was costing 14 cents wholesale and was being sold at 26 cents retail. He thereupon arranged to have the state sell gasoline to the public at 16 cents a gallon. Immediately the price of gasoline throughout the state was reduced to 16 cents a gallon—though many of the producing companies complained that in order to meet this reduction it was necessary for them to do business at a loss. The price-cutting wave extended into other states and even reached the Atlantic seaboard, where gasoline fell to about 22 cents.

THE Filipino politicians who are out after their campaign by accusing him at Washington of having appointed a former criminal as mayor of Manila. It appears to be true that some twenty years ago, during the unsettled and lawless conditions accompanying the Filipino rebellion, this man, Rodriguez, was found guilty by court-martial of some connection with a company of bandits. He served a year in prison, being at the time sixteen years old. Since then he has led a normal and respectable life and occupied acceptably several political offices. It is unlikely that his past would have offended Señor Quezon and his party if it had not seemed to offer a chance to hit at the Governor-General.

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# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



By Leonora H Watts

IN Mother Nature's great workshop were many, many fairies—more fairies than one could ever count. There were fairies who wove moonbeams and sun rays, fairies who colored rainbows, fairies who carved snow crystals and fairies who painted leaves and flowers.

Of all these fairies none were unhappy except Puck, the master of all the fairies, whose business it was to paint leaves brown in the fall. For you must know that up to that time there had been no gay leaves.

Puck was tired of mixing dull brown paint year after year. He looked longingly at the purple violets in the spring, the red roses in summer and the yellow goldenrod in the fall.

"Mother Nature," he begged, "please let me paint flowers for a while. I'm tired of old brown leaves. I want to paint violets or roses or even sunflowers—"

"Why, the idea!" she said. "Of course you can't paint flowers. You have no eye for color—except brown. You leave the flowers to the really artistic fairies who know how to use colors. No, indeed. You keep to your leaves. Who would do them if you took to flowers?"

"But just let me try," pleaded Puck. "I know I could do just as well as some of those stuck-up fairies who live on Rainbow Row." His begging was in vain; Mother Nature remained firm.

But Puck couldn't give up the idea. The longer he thought of it the more anxious he became to prove that he could do it. Then there came a night when he slipped out and hid under a big violet leaf. The new violets were just coming out, and he knew the flower fairies would soon be along with their paints. Presently there came one sliding down a moonbeam. She laid out her paint tubes and brushes and looked round.

"Goodness!" she cried. "Who'd ever have thought the violets would come on so fast. I've got to have help or I can't finish these by morning." And she turned to a spiderweb wireless station to send a message to Rainbow Row.

Just the minute she left, Puck slipped quickly up to the tubes of paint, snatched one from each stack and ran away as fast as he could go. "Now," said he, "I'll just prove that I can paint flowers. No one will ever know that a flower fairy didn't do it."

But Puck's brush was a large flat brush, suitable for leaves, and in his hurry to finish a violet before he should be discovered he splashed the paint all round. His violets were

a sad sight. The yellow for the centres got daubed on the fresh blue that he had just put on the petals and made them green, and he dropped splotches of blue paint all over the green leaves.

In the morning a flower fairy, touching up some of the newer violets, discovered Puck's work.

"Oh, mercy me!" she cried. "Some one has made an awful mess. Who could have done it?"

She sent word to Mother Nature to come at once to see the damage.

"Puck's work, I know!" Mother Nature exclaimed. "The rascal!" She had not forgotten his plea.

Puck was sent for and admitted his guilt. "Now," said Mother Nature severely, "I hope you see that you cannot paint flowers. Green violets and purple leaves! That's a nice to-do! You stick to leaves. Don't you ever try to paint another flower?"

Puck hung his head in shame, for the flower fairies had gathered round and were tittering and pointing to his failure.

Summer passed, and Puck was obedient but still discontented. One day early in September he and two of his little fairy helpers went to his storeroom to make ready his brown paint, and there they found, tucked away in a corner, the tubes of paint that Puck had taken from the flower fairy. The blues were gone, but there were some red and some yellow.

Puck picked up a leaf from his pile (for of course he had always some lying round to practice on) and carelessly daubed it with the red paint. He held it off and looked at it. "Why, that's as pretty as a flower!" he cried and hung it up on the line to dry.

Another he painted yellow, and he liked that too. Then he scattered paint on a great many, and the more he scattered the better he liked the way they looked. He grew excited. A whole tree of red and yellow leaves would be brighter than anything that the flower fairies made.

"Stick to leaves," Mother Nature said, but she didn't say brown leaves," Puck chuckled. "We'll see; we'll see!" he said with a nod.

And his two little helpers danced round him and clapped their hands, for they too were tired of painting brown leaves.

That very night they went forth secretly, so that the rest of the fairies should not know what they were doing, and painted a whole tree red.

The next morning Puck hid himself near by to see what would happen. Soon there came a voice crying, "Oh, oh, that beautiful little tree! It is red. Come and look at it."

Then came the sound of running feet and more loud exclamations of delight until a great number of people had gathered round in wonder and admiration.

Meanwhile Mother Nature had been attracted by the outcry, for she is always near to those who admire her beauties. She was

amazed at the sight, but she listened to the comments with a smile on her face.

"It's as pretty as flowers," said one.

"But what do you suppose made it red?" asked another.

"Oh, how I wish the trees could be red instead of brown in the fall," said a pale girl wistfully. "Autumn is so gloomy."

"Yes, wouldn't it be fine?" answered a whole chorus of voices.

"Well, well," said Mother Nature to herself. "Dull leaves certainly look best to me in the dying year, but perhaps we might have a few bright ones if that's the way people feel about it."

Later she sent for Puck, who came rather fearfully. "Well, Master Puck," she said, "you can paint leaves better than flowers, as I said. If people like them red, why, I suppose we'd better have a few red ones, but mind you don't neglect the brown ones, for we can't have autumn too gay. And now I hope," she continued, "that you are satisfied at last."

Puck was so glad that he could hardly thank her before he capered away to his work. And ever since then we have always had some gay leaves to cheer us in the fall.

## A BOY WHO FRIGHTENED PRESIDENT JOHNSON

By Frances Margaret Fox

LONG ago when Andrew Johnson was President of the United States a little boy of Washington used to play day after day with the children of the White House. His name was Jimmy Duhamel, and he was so full of fun and mischief that it was always hard to guess what he might do next. There were seven brothers and sisters in his family, and sometimes they were all so merry at home that the cat had to sleep with one eye open and keep waving the tip of her tail. It was a happy family.

Jimmy knew how to behave properly; he belonged to fine old Maryland families and had been taught everything that a small boy should know. You should have seen little Jimmy make a bow; you should have seen how polite he was when he was introduced to the great men who called to see his father; you should have heard him answer the questions that beautiful women asked him when they came to call on his mother. But Jimmy could pack up and put away his good manners and be a gay natural little boy as easily as his father could pack his medicine case when he went forth to call on his patients.

Dr. Duhamel, Jimmy's father, was one of the White House physicians when Andrew Johnson was President of the United States. There were no automobiles in those days, and a young soldier whose name was Billy Bonner used to drive the doctor's horses; he used to



DRAWN BY KATHERINE HEALEY

## THE SWING

By Norreys Jephson O'Connor

*I wonder if the horned moon  
Would be a swing for me  
If I became a cherub small  
And climbed the sky to see?*

*My friend, the Man Who Owns the  
Moon,  
Comes often here at night  
To find if I'm in bed asleep  
And wakes me with his light.*

*I think that he has hung the swing  
Between two heavenly trees  
In that great garden by his house  
Where grow the Pleiades.*

*I'd let my feet go dangling down  
In miles and miles of space  
And wonder if the children left  
On earth could see my face.*

*I'd pluck the stars in clusters bright  
And toss them to my friends,  
Who'd watch them fall as swiftly as  
A meteor descends.*

*I wonder if the horned moon  
Would be a swing for me?  
Tonight I am so sleepy that  
I think I'll wait to see.*

sit on the front seat and say "whoa!" and "get-up!" to the horses in a way that little Jimmy thought was wonderful. Billy Bonner and Jimmy were great friends.

Dr. Duhamel often took his son with him when he made calls; he said that was a good way to keep the lively little boy out of mischief at home and I expect that he was right.

Now Andrew Johnson was the next President after Abraham Lincoln. His wife was an invalid, and that is why President Johnson's two daughters, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, lived with their father in Washington to keep house for him in the President's mansion; and they had brought their children with them.

Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover liked little Jimmy Duhamel the first minute they saw him, and so they invited him to play any day or every day with the White House children. Jimmy's particular friends were the two small White House boys, Andy Johnson Patterson and Andy Stover; he liked Andy Stover a little bit better than he liked Andy Patterson.

Dr. Duhamel used to call at the White House nearly every day, and usually Andy Patterson and Andy Stover were watching to see if he brought their friend Jimmy. When Jimmy came the fun began. The three little boys played wherever they chose in the White House and on the grounds.

One day Dr. Duhamel received sad news brought by a White House messenger boy. There were no telephones in those days. The President was seriously ill and wished the doctor to come immediately.

Little Jimmy went with his father as usual, expecting to stay in the carriage with Billy Bonner. It was a chilly morning. On reaching the White House the doctor decided not to leave his little boy sitting outside in the cold beside Billy Bonner. The two Andys were nowhere in sight. Taking Jimmy by the hand, the doctor walked quickly toward the house.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN



Then he scattered paint on a great many

## SLEEPY-TIME

By Willis Boyd Allen

*Sometimes when I have gone to bed  
And nurse puts out the light  
I lie awake and think of things  
That puzzle me at night.*

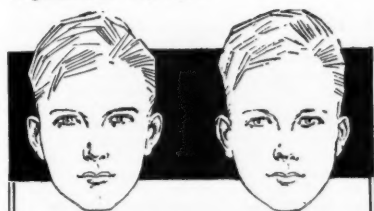
*I wonder how my kitten makes  
That queer sound when she purrs;  
And why papa makes in his nap  
A noise that's just like hers.*

*I try to guess how many fish  
Are swimming in the sea  
And where they go to bed at night  
Or what they have for tea.*

*I wish I knew why nursey's hair  
Is all in twists and curls.  
My hair is just as straight as strings,  
Not crooked like a girl's.*

*I wonder how a polliwog  
Can learn to hop and creep.  
I think and think until somehow  
I go right off to sleep!*





## One of these Boys Will Fail - IF

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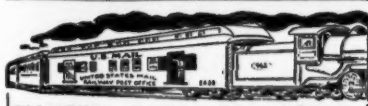
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18 UP

TRAVEL

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"You mustn't make a sound to disturb the President," he warned his little boy.

Now it happened that little Jimmy was so shocked by the fact that his friend, the President of the United States, was sick in bed that he hardly dared whisper to his father; but he nodded his head as a sign that he would be extremely good.

The house, usually so full of happy voices, was still and solemn as the doctor and Jimmy climbed the stairs to the second floor. The President was lying ill in the northwest corner room. The doctor left Jimmy in the wide hall outside after warning him again not to make a sound.

Jimmy wouldn't have made a sound for the world. He was so frightened that his eyes were as round as saucers. He felt as solemn as if he were alone in church. Softly he backed against the wall, and softly he began sliding his feet on the carpet, one foot at a time, out and back, slowly out and back, without making a sound.

The bedroom door was open. Jimmy could see a long, humpy figure lying on the bed, covered with the white spread. The figure didn't look in the least like his good friend President Johnson, but Jimmy didn't suppose that a sick President would look natural. There were two doctors in the room with him and a nurse and servants.

Back and forth went the little sliding feet while Jimmy watched and listened. Dr. Bliss and Dr. Duhamel talked in low tones, the nurse moved silently here and there, and the servants seemed to be busy; but they were so quiet and solemn that Jimmy could not guess what they were doing.

Out and back again went one little foot, out and back again went the other little foot, while Jimmy almost held his breath as he leaned against the wall in that hushed place. This was not only the President of the United States who was lying there ill; it was Andy Stover's grandfather, and a grandfather is a grandfather, whether his home is in Tennessee or in the White House.

Then an amazing thing happened. Dr. Bliss and Dr. Duhamel put their heads together and talked fast about something. They looked as if they had never smiled in their lives. Jimmy was staring at them with his heart in his throat, as they say, when one of the doctors suddenly shook a great bottle of black medicine and said clearly and distinctly, "We must give him this!"

"Yes," agreed the other doctor, "we must make him take this bottle of medicine!"

Jimmy hated medicine. Many a time his mother had held his nose when he had to swallow a teaspoonful of medicine that his father had given him. Jimmy supposed that the doctors intended giving the President that entire bottle of medicine in one dose!

The little boy was so horrified that both feet slid from under him and down he went to the floor with a crashy bang—bang! It frightened the President so that he jumped almost out of bed. Jimmy was sure then that he had killed Andy Stover's grandfather, the President of the United States.

The next thing he knew his father was picking him up and asking if he were hurt. Dr. Bliss was smiling, and the nurse was explaining to the President what had happened.

"Bring little Jimmy in here!" said the President in a good strong voice. He didn't sound at all as if he were sick. "So your father left you out in the hall, did he, and advised you to keep still," the President went on, placing his hand on Jimmy's head and laughing as he talked.

Jimmy answered the questions most politely and told why he happened to lose his balance and fall down hard like that. Then the President laughed again; so did the doctors, and so did the nurse; and the servants never looked happier.

The President sent one of the servants downstairs to get a box of candy. When it came he gave it to Jimmy. Then the nurse poured one teaspoonful of the black medicine from the tall bottle, and the President took it. He made a dreadful face too, so that the little boy could hardly keep from laughing aloud.

"Come again," the President said to Jimmy when the little boy went away with his father. "I feel much better. I believe you did me more good than the medicine. I shall soon be well again!"

Sure enough, President Johnson was soon well again, but Jimmy believed that his father's medicine, one teaspoonful at a time, was really what cured him.

This is a true story; I had it from the lips of a dignified gentleman in Washington who was once known as little Jimmy Duhamel.



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### Try This Recipe

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in a slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.



Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers



## CAMPING WITH DADDY

By Ruth Aughiltree



The dark came down quick as a thundercloud,  
And back of it the trees stood in a crowd,  
Black too, and farther, lay a shiny strip  
Of river, and I heard the water lip  
And lap and come and go along the shore  
To make deep pools where it was dry before—  
Cool—and cool—and cool.

And I got sleepy, and I couldn't see,  
But only hear! I lay on daddy's knee,  
My doggy by my feet. He dreamed,  
And first he barked so faint, and then it seemed  
His legs were running, only he was still,—  
Hurry—hurry—hurry,—  
A-dreaming of that chipmunk on the hill.

The pine trees hummed, and then it grew so still  
That you could hear it, and there came a trill,  
A-tweeting and a-chirping like a bird,  
Just like a yellowbird that I once heard,—  
Sweet—sweet—sweet,—  
With first a whistle, then a little cheep;  
And 'twas the camp fire singing in its sleep!

## THE HELPING HAND

TWO boys started off for a walk one Saturday afternoon. Their path led them out into the wooded hills and up the rocky glens of their native state, Pennsylvania. Toward evening, tired from their exertions, they found a place high on a hillside overlooking a valley. Stone had once been cut from the spot, leaving a straight wall ten or fifteen feet high with sharp rocks at the foot. A great oak that had grown up from the bottom sent an arm out above the wall, and the boys lost no time in scrambling upon it.

As they were looking out across the valley the younger boy suddenly lost his balance and began to slip backward. There was nothing for him to catch. He was frightened at the thought of the sharp rocks beneath and did not even try to circle the limb with his arms. Just then the older boy turned and in the nick of time shot out his arm, grasped the shoulder of his companion and pulled him back.

Some time afterwards the younger boy, remembering the event, remarked to his friend, "I don't know what would have happened to me that time if you hadn't reached out your hand just when you did. I guess I should have fallen!"

Friends, life for every one of us is lived over the cliff of temptation, and there are thousands who need a helping hand. A word may save them; a look may save them; the companionship of an hour may save them. Or it may take years of effort. But when your life comes to its close, if there are some to say to you, "I think I should have fallen if you had not reached out your hand just when you did!" oh, it will repay you a thousandfold!

## UNSHAKEN FOUNDATIONS

THE family had moved in early in the morning, and the whole day had passed in a wild endeavor to get at least approximately settled. Everyone was tired, nervous and cross—everyone except Aunt Adelaide. Others might hurry and worry, fume and fluster, but not she. The three girls, exhausted, had dropped on the big divan at twilight; but upstairs they could hear Aunt Adelaide, still busy and still serene, finishing her task in hand. Voice and footsteps were both audible.

"I wish she'd stop that everlasting humming," Christie said and groaned. "It gets on my nerves horribly."

"Humming!" echoed Flora. "If only she would hum, I should not mind! She's singing, but so low I can't catch the words, and I keep straining my ears for them—those hymns she's fond of are ones I only half remember, and you know how wearisome it is almost to follow but not quite. I try not to pay attention, but I can't help myself. It does seem about the last straw!"

"It isn't the words that bother me most; it's the tunes," said Emily, sighing. "I believe she loves those old-fashioned wailies ones best, and they're awful! And my present temper doesn't accord with hymns of that kind, lugubrious or lofty. I'm feeling neither placid nor pious; I'm cross enough to bite!"

"And if it were anything but hymns," said Christie, "maybe we might ask her to stop; but when a perfectly good and eminently useful aunt chooses to indulge in religious exercises while toiling for our especial benefit you feel a slight delicacy about inviting her to desist. Listen! Well, we know the words of that hymn, anyhow."

Aunt Adelaide's voice floated down:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord —"

Crash!

The girls screamed and dashed upstairs. Aunt Adelaide, rather shaken and pale, was already picking herself up from the heap of rugs and cushions upon which the collapsing stepladder had fortunately flung her.

"I think," she murmured dazedly, "I must have forgotten to adjust the brace."

"If you'd been attending to firm foundations

of a practical kind instead of singing about any other sort —" began Flora reproachfully; but just then Emily giggled, and in a moment all three girls were laughing hysterically.

"O auntie dear!" gasped Christie. "Please don't be shocked! We're so tired and so fond of you and so thankful you didn't break your precious neck—that's all that's the matter with us."

"Bless you, girls, I'm not shocked," Aunt Adelaide assured her, smiling, as she gingerly tested her wrists and ankles. "That hymn—it certainly was funny! Even your dear strait-laced grandmother would have had to laugh. I wonder—didn't she ever tell you of the roof raising her grandmother went to ever so long ago? There was just such another happening. The chief carpenter up on the ridgepole was on the point of cracking a bottle of wine over it, the way they used to do, and the company had started to sing the hymn of consecration,

"If God refuse the house to build,  
The workmen toil in vain,

when the temporary platform went down kersplash and landed everybody in the cellar! Nobody was hurt, but the superstitious ones were dreadfully scared and thought it was a warning. The house is still standing, though."

"Funny, but a digression from the main point," said Flora, "which is, are you sure you're not hurt? Quite sure?"

Aunt Adelaide's eyes lighted with unexpected shrewdness. "Quite sure," she declared. "No damage done to anybody or anything, unless to a certain temporary superstructure of taut nerves and touch-me-not tempers, which seems to have been carried away entirely. Foundations of church, state and family all quite secure, thank you."

## FROM TRAGEDY TO FARCE

A CHARMING book of reminiscence made up of stories about Stevenson, contributed by almost a hundred old friends and acquaintances, has been put together by Miss Rosaline Masson. She calls it *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson*.

The longest contribution is from Sir Alfred Ewing, principal of the University of Edinburgh, and reveals the influence that Prof. and Mrs. Fleming Jenkin exercised on Stevenson in his years of rebellious youth. Professor Jenkin could not teach Louis engineering, but his fine personality and that of his brilliant wife had the strongest influence on the young author's character.

Another contributor, Miss Flora Masson, tells of the student theatricals at the Jenkin home and of an escapade in which Louis covered himself with mingled glory and disgrace. Miss Masson tells it well.

It was in Greek tragedy. The curtain had fallen on a powerful and moving scene amid the applause of the audience, and the stage was left in the possession of two of the young actors, Mr. Hole and my brother, both in Greek garb. In a momentary reaction after so much unrelieved tragedy the two, oblivious of their classic draperies, threw themselves into each other's arms, performed a rapid war dance and then flung themselves on opposite ends of a couch at the back of the stage, with their feet meeting in a kind of triumphal arch in the centre. Louis Stevenson, who had been officiating at the curtain, took one look at them. Then he touched a spring, and up went the curtain again.

The audience, scarcely recovered from the tragic scene on which the curtain had fallen, gave one gasp of amazement and then broke into a roar of applause. The roar was the first thing that showed the two luckless acrobats that something had happened. They sprang to their feet—only to see the curtain fall once more.

Professor Jenkin, who was host and stage manager in one, had been watching that particular part of the play from the front. Without a word he left his seat and went behind the scenes. "Mr. Stevenson," he said with icy distinctness, "I shall ask you to give me a few minutes in my own room."

## "MA NAME'S NO MACTAVISH!"

NO one is prouder of his name and lineage than a Highland Scot. He is sensitive on the point of family above all others. In an amusing book of sporting reminiscence Maj. Harding Cox tells how one Highland man revenged himself on a jocular foreigner who had made light of his family pride.

A certain French count, it seems, was a guest of a Scottish laird. After dinner the noble host called in Ronald Macalister, his very superior stalker, and said to him:

"It is my infernal luck, Ronald, that I should sprain my ankle just as the count here arrives; but you must take him out over the best ground and see that he has a fair chance."

"Oo, aye!"

"Ah, my friend," said the count, "it is zure I am zat ze good MacTaveesh —"

"Ma name's no MacTavish, ye ken!" the deerstalker interrupted him.

"Ah, zat vas all right, Mac. I call you MacTaveesh because eet sounds so—vat you zay?—so Scottie!"

Next day all was ready for the start; Macalister was garbed and accoutred for the hunt. The genial count slapped him on the back, exclaiming with hearty good will: "Zy foot ees on zy native 'eath; zy name's MacTaveesh!" "Ma name's no MacTavish!" reiterated the stalker angrily, for he was fast losing patience.

In the evening when the count returned to the castle he was worn out and "fed up" with life in general and deerstalking in particular—not a stag had he seen all day. His lordship could not understand it.

Day after day the same thing occurred until at last the count was "reduced to a shadow": the soles of his boots were worn as thin as blotting paper, and his feet were grievously chapped and blistered. He gave in at last and departed for the south.

The laird called Macalister in and interrogated him sternly: "What in heaven's name has come to the forest since I have been laid up, Ronald? Are there no beasts left in it?"

"Oo, aye, yere lordship. Forby there's mony an' mony a bonnie beastie i' the corries."

"How is it then that you have not even shown my esteemed friend the count a stag?"

Then the murder was out. "Ma name's no MacTavish!" exclaimed Macalister tersely, and, turning on his heel, he stalked majestically from the presence of his master.

## THE CHAMPION TAIL PULLER

IT sounds queer, the yarn about the turtle that Mr. Zane Grey's old guide once told before the camp fire. Yet the turtle might have done what the man declared it did. As a matter of fact, Mr. Grey assures us in *Tales of Lonely Trails* that his guide had a wonderful gift of exaggeration. This is his unusual yarn:

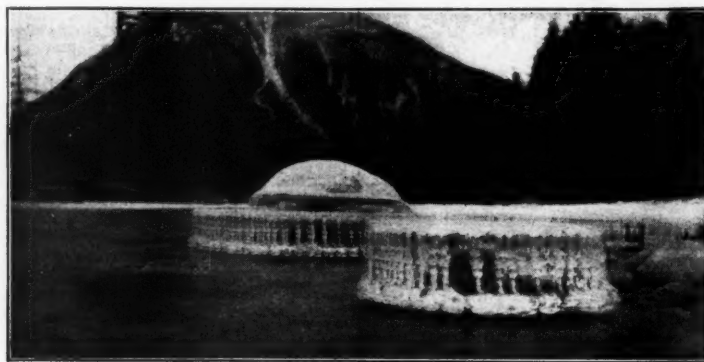
He was hunting along the gulf shore on the coast of Sonora, where big turtles come out to bask in the sun and big jaguars come down to prow for meat. One morning he saw a jaguar jump on the back of a huge turtle and begin to paw at its back. The turtle promptly drew in head and flippers and was safe under its shell. The jaguar scratched and clawed at a great rate, but to no avail. Then it turned round and seized the tail of the turtle and began to chew it. Thereupon the turtle stuck out its head, opened its huge mouth and grasped the tail of the jaguar.

First to yield was the cat; he let go and squalled. But the turtle started to crawl off and dragged the jaguar into the sea and drowned him! With naive earnestness the guide assured his mute listeners that he could show them the exact spot where the tragedy occurred.

## ICE ARCHITECTURE

A CORRESPONDENT sends us this interesting picture of some peculiar ice formations found in the Bella Coola River a short distance from the town of Bella Coola, British Columbia. The icicles seen in the foreground formed on a rock that was almost submerged.

The water began to freeze round both rocks, and when the ice was some six inches thick the river began to lower. The waves tossed up drops of water that, freezing on the rocks, made icicles, which lengthened gradually with the lowering of the river. When the water was on a level with



Remarkable ice formations that suggest beautiful crystal buildings

the bottoms of the formations it stopped lowering for a considerable time, thus forming the large knobs.

The ice had a curiously architectural appearance. The formations looked like pillared buildings, one of them with a dome, built of glistening, transparent glass—or like a couple of birthday cakes without the candles!

## THE RABBIT EARNS HIS FREEDOM

A FALLING pine tree had caved in the shaft of the lead mine. At the bottom, shouting every few minutes for help, stood a solitary worker. For three days and three nights—so we learn from Miss Cora Cole McCullough in *Our Dumb Animals*—the man did everything in his power to get out. On the fourth day after he had given up hope he heard something crawl into the shaft. What happened next is best told in his own words:

I lighted my candle and saw a rabbit. There was only one aperture large enough to admit him,

and I closed it to prevent his escaping. I saw in him food to appease my hunger, and my hand was raised to kill him when a thought occurred to me that stayed the blow.

I had two fishing lines; their united length would reach to the road near the mouth of the shaft. I took off my shirt, tore it into strips, tied them together and then tied one end to the fish-line. Then I tied the shirt end round the rabbit's neck, opened the aperture again and let him out.

He soon reached the end of the line, and I knew by the way he was pulling that he was making a desperate effort to escape. Presently the tugging ceased, and I thought he had gnawed himself loose.

About three hours afterwards I felt the line pull, and some one called. I tried to answer, but the feeble noise I made died away in the cavern. I pulled the line a little to show that I was still alive. All grew still again, and I guessed that the person had gone for help. Then came the sound of voices. I pulled in the line, and it brought me food. It took all the men who worked in the shaft nine hours to reach me!

The rabbit had wound the line round a bush and had tied himself so short that he was imprisoned outside as securely as I was imprisoned inside. The boys took him to town, put him into a large cage and supplied him with all the rabbit delicacies the market afforded. But he did not thrive, and, believing that he "pined in thought," they agreed to set him free; they took him back to his old neighborhood and released him there. He saved not only my life but also the lives of all the rabbits in the vicinity, for the miners refrained from shooting any for fear they should kill "my rabbit."

## BRAVE OR ONLY CAUTIOUS?

WHAT is bravery? Certainly it is a different thing from caution; and yet Lord Ernest Hamilton recounts in his book *Forty Years On* an instance of caution that he believes amounted to bravery. At the time he was with a party who were on their way to the Klondike during the gold rush; they were about to cross Atlin Lake in a small boat.

We four passengers, he writes, were wedged into the stern, where we sat packed together like herrings while the two boatmen and the parson, who was acting as skipper, remained forward to see to the hoisting of the sail. I noticed with some concern that the stern of the boat was down to within two inches of the water. The creek where we had embarked, being sheltered from the wind, was as calm as a mill pond, but out in the open water I could see big, foam-crested waves chasing one another in quick succession down the ninety-six miles of the length of the lake.

I felt uneasy. How in the name of reason could a boat be expected to carry a sail among waves such as those when the water was lapping her gunwale in dead calm? However, as no one else seemed to share my misgivings, I said nothing, and we pushed off. In doing so one of the boatmen stumbled across a seat, and the lurch that his fall gave to the boat brought an ominous trickle of water over the stern.

"Mrs. Hitchcock," said Fred Haggard abruptly

and solemnly, "do you know that you are going to certain death out in the lake there?"

Mrs. Hitchcock looked astonished; she knew nothing about boats. I did, and now that the first word had been spoken I loudly seconded Haggard's warning; and Bromley, who was a composed and undemonstrative person, resolutely supported our view. Only the parson was derisive; he had sailed the boat across the lake a score of times in worse weather!

"Yes," I suggested, "but with two people in the boat and not seven!"

Still he sniffed and pooh-poohed, but the weight of opinion was decidedly against him, and we put back.

When we were once more on shore, feeling slightly ashamed of myself and the timid part I had played, I walked over to Mackie, the owner of the boat, who had thus far uttered no word and shown no interest in the discussion. "Should we have got across?" I asked him.

"Not a chance," he replied calmly.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Then why did you let us start?"

"Well," he said, "you see I'm a Scot, and I wouldn't have it said that I turned my back on





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anything that others would face. But I was right glad," he added, "when yon gentleman spoke out."

With a distinct sense of grievance I turned away and sought out Johnson, the other boatman, who was standing some little way apart.

"Do you think we should have been swamped out in the lake there?" I asked him.

"Sure thing," he replied, spitting unconcernedly into the water; "she couldn't have lived two minutes in that sea, loaded the way she was."

"But why didn't you say so?" I asked irritably.

"Well, you see," he explained, "it's Mackie's boat, and I'm only hired for the day; so it wasn't really my place to speak."

I then questioned Bromley, and learned that he too had known we were doomed the moment he saw how close to the water the gunwale was. So here were four of us, all grown men and reputedly sane, going knowingly to a purposeless and absolutely idiotic death because we were all afraid to say that we were afraid! There is no doubt that Fred Haggard saved all our lives that day, for no one could have swum six strokes in that icy water. His was a brave act, and that is why I have recorded the incident. The rest of us were cowards.

**TWO VIEWS OF NEWS**

THERE is a saying that patient waiters are no losers. In the course of some reminiscences, published in the Atlantic Monthly, Mr. James H. Maurer, the labor leader, relates an incident of his youth among the Pennsylvania Dutch that our readers may or may not think tends to justify the adage.

Newspapers, he writes, were almost as scarce as money. I remember within the last twenty-five years visiting an uncle, then eighty-two years old, who was reading about a horse sale from a Reading paper. I knew that the man about whom he was reading had left for the South long before, so I asked to see the paper. It was three years old!

"Why, uncle," I said, "this sale took place three years ago. That's how old this paper is."

"What's the difference how old the paper is?" he replied. "That doesn't change the fact that there was a sale, and the horse was sold, and the price paid as much as two good horses are worth! News is news, no matter how old."

The remark reminds us a little of one attributed to the original Samuel Bowles, the first editor of the Springfield Republican. When some one told him that a certain piece of news that he had printed appeared in other papers several days before he is said to have replied: "News is not news until it has been printed in the Republican!"

**COMEDY WITH A MORAL**

ONE of the best comedies ever enacted in Parliament carries with it a moral. "Public speakers beware," reads the lesson; "don't give out a speech for publication until you have made it!" If Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, a member from Sheffield, had observed that precaution, his debut, which Mr. Arthur Porritt describes in the Best I Remember, would have been a good deal more dignified.

Sir Ellis, it seems, had intended to deliver his address during the afternoon and meanwhile had sent the manuscript to a Sheffield newspaper. Unfortunately, he was not able to get the floor until late at night, and then he moved the adjournment to secure his privilege to speak first the next day.

But the editors of the Sheffield paper did not know that Sir Ellis had not spoken and published the whole oration in the morning issue with "hear, hear," "loud applause" and "laughter" interspersed freely through the columns.

The following afternoon when Sir Ellis rose to make his speech every Irish member produced a copy of the Sheffield paper from his pocket and, following the speech closely, "hear-heard," "applauded" and "laughed" loudly and ironically wherever those interpellations appeared in the premature report. The House enjoyed the joke immensely. Strange to say, Sir Ellis went through the comedy to the last act. He did not curtail his speech by a line.

**SO THERE, MR. BUSYBODY!**

IN small towns no one's business is often made everyone's business—a remark that is especially true of love affairs. In one town the postmaster was curious to know what stage the courtship of two young people had reached; so when the young lady came for her mail he remarked slyly, "Well, Janie, and when is the wedding goin' to be?"

"Oh, not for a couple of years yet," replied the girl quickly.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the postmaster. "Did you notice I didn't say whose wedding?"

"Didn't you notice I didn't, either?" replied the girl; and the postmaster rubbed his chin.

**WEATHER FORECAST: BRAIN STORMS**

"HOW'S your wife, Blinks?" asked Jinks.

"Her head troubles her a great deal," admitted Blinks.

"What's the trouble? Is it neuralgia?"

"No," said Blinks. "She wants a new hat."

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**DOCTOR HAYES**  
BUFFALO  
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Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

## The GIRLS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



Ancient Persian—yellow, orange, brown

American Indian—cream color, brown, terra cotta

### CLAY ORNAMENTS FOR THE DRESS

A BRIGHT dash of red and yellow on a dark dress, a line of black or tan round a white sweater—these make the costume, and every girl is on the lookout for new artistic ways to "trim up" a quiet dress.

In modeling clay to form medallions for pendants, beads and girdles, the modern girl can slip back hundreds of years to the primitive art of the American Indians, or thousands of years to the art of the Egyptians and the people of the Far East. A durable modeling clay that hardens without baking can be shaped into primitive designs and painted in vivid colors; the barbaric motifs not only conform to the trend of fashion but afford interesting historical study.

Use the following materials for the girdle in the illustration: a jar of self-hardening modeling clay; water-color or oil paints; white shellac; beads; a spool of dental floss or, to string the larger medallions, a spool of fine wire.

Directions for using the clay will come with the jar. The clay hardens like concrete when exposed to the air, and the ornaments are durable if properly made. Modeling requires no previous experience, but you can gain a high degree of skill by experimenting with the clay and paints.

A girdle requires about twelve medallions of uniform size. To make a sample medallion, mould a bit of clay to the desired shape and thickness; then make it into a ball again. Take a large lump of clay and roll it like dough between the palms until it is about the thickness of a bread stick. Clay workers sometimes call this roll "the worm."

With a knife cut off portions the size of the sample lump from the "dough" and roll them up in a wet cloth to prevent their hardening. When you have shaped a medallion, punch the two holes for the string with a hatpin or a small steel knitting needle. Revolve the medallion on the pin once or twice to make a good-sized opening and to make the walls of the hole smooth and firm. Make allowance for the fact that the clay will shrink somewhat in drying. Allow the medallions to dry thoroughly for several days in a warm spot before you begin to paint them with oils.

For the girdle of Indian design (Fig. 1) the medallions should be one and a quarter inches long, three quarters of an inch wide and three sixteenths of an inch thick. The diamond-shaped pieces should be of the same thickness, three quarters of an inch long and half an inch wide. Scarlet, white and black make a very effective color combination. When using water colors, paint while the clay is wet and lay on the colors very thick, especially white, which will be opaque when dry. Moisten the water colors thoroughly a half hour before you are to use them. When the medallion is completely dry cover it with a thin coat of shellac.

The clasp can easily be pressed into the medallion when it is moist, and will be firmly attached when the clay is hard. Use a strong wire hook, such as is often used on coats. The first medallion must contain not only the hook but two strands of dental floss upon which to string the beads, and if pendant strings of beads are used three or four strands of the floss, which should be well knotted together and tied to the hook before the clay is moulded on. (See diagram.) In tying the thread to the hook make

several knots, so that there will be a larger surface for the clay to adhere to.

Fig. 2 is of Egyptian design. Either peacock blue or jade green is a good color for it, and oil paints will give the best effect. After the ground color has dried, draw the hieroglyphics on in black with a fine brush, or with a pen and India ink. The symbols shown are copies of hieroglyphics found in ancient Egyptian tombs. The bird represents the sacred ibis. The symbol on the second medallion denotes life. The third figure is that of a king seated upon a throne. You can repeat designs in other medallions or you can find new ones by studying photographs of ancient hieroglyphic writing. Use black jet beads to connect the medallions and a crystal bead of a color to match the painted clay. The larger beads used in the pendants can be moulded from the clay and painted. The bead at the end of the string, which represents a lotus blossom, can be either moulded on the string or tied to it by a loop of fine wire (such as can be cut from a hairpin) fastened into the ornament.

Ancient Persia supplies the motif for the girdle shown in Fig. 3. Use black for the background and paint the figures on in orange or pale yellow. Apply the lighter color first and outline the design with a pen and waterproof India ink, which can be used with either water-color paints or with oils.

### HOCKEY POINTERS

THE article on field hockey that appeared in the Girls' Page for August should be supplemented by these few directions of special interest to beginners. Many players, when they first take up the game, fall into errors that can easily be avoided with a little care.

1. *Hitting incorrectly.* Try to practice a quick swing and a good follow through.

2. *Slowness.* Beginners often run after the ball quickly but run with it very slowly. Practice dribbling while running at top speed and keep the ball close to the stick, well under control, always within reach. Dribbling does not mean hitting the ball ahead and running after it. A good plan is to put pegs into the lawn or make chalk marks on the gymnasium floor and practice running with the ball in and out among them. Do it by merely turning the wrists. Do not be slow in starting. Keep on your toes ready to dash forward in an instant if an opening occurs.

Beginners often pass just too late. A fraction of a second will sometimes make all the difference. Pass too soon rather than too late. Halves and backs when dribbling the ball up to try to draw an opponent should run quickly with the ball and not keep it too long.

3. *Abuse of the reverse stroke.* The reverse stroke should be used only as an emergency stroke and never if by moving your body and turning your wrists you can get round to the proper side of the ball.

4. *Turning on the ball.* Players must not place their bodies between the ball and an opponent who is within striking distance.



Fig. 2

Take care not to play roughly; do not hit at an opponent's stick when you can't reach the ball; it is a foul to interfere with sticks in any way. Do not use your body by rushing into opponents if you can possibly help it. Have a purpose in each movement. Learn control of body as well as of stick and ball; practice in the garden if you have one; if not, with a golf ball or even a tennis ball in a gymnasium or other room. It will all help to teach you control. Above all, use your brains as well as your limbs. Accidents are most frequent in poor games among bad players; so cultivate neat play—no roughness but plenty of pace. Poor games are always slow. Run your hardest and keep on running.

If you play regularly two or three times a week, you will need no other special training. English girls never train in the way of dieting, yet they can play hard for two thirty-five-minute halves, with five minutes' rest between, and not feel especially tired afterwards. Do not, of course, eat a heavy meal or drink much water just before you play, but strict training is unnecessary and is likely to turn an enjoyable game into work.

Finally, train your umpires. You can't have

good players till you get good umpires. An umpire must be firm, calm, good-tempered, courteous, able to keep pace with the game, absolutely unbiased, with good sight and a thorough knowledge of the rules.

### WHEN BASHFULNESS FLEES

"YOU may call it bashfulness or self-consciousness or any other name," wailed Rhoda Greene. "It's a dreadful thing to have."

"Selfishness is the latest name for it, I believe," said Amy Ferguson mischievously.

"That's the 'most unkindest cut of all,'" objected Rhoda. "Bashful people are never selfish. They are quiet and retiring and—bashful!"

"If you're bashful, you are thinking about yourself—what to do with your feet, and what to say to that dreadful young man in the corner. If you are constantly thinking about yourself, you are selfish. So there you are!"

"How can I help thinking about my feet when they always come down in the wrong place? I'm so bashful it makes me fairly sick to go anywhere, but I'm not selfish. Were you ever bashful?" Rhoda continued, questioning.

"I was—and am. I'll tell you when I had my first glimmer of what the real trouble was. I'd been invited to a dinner. I should have felt slighted if I hadn't got the invitation; yet I dreaded to go. Probably I should have sat through it looking about as intelligent as an oyster but for a chance word that I overheard from my hostess.

"I do hope that this dinner will be successful," she said anxiously. 'I've tried so hard to have



Fig. 1

everything just right. Do you think I could improve upon the arrangement of the guests? I thought that little Ferguson girl might be rather diffident, so I've given her the best dinner partner at the table. Perhaps—"

"That was all I heard, but it was enough. It was the first time I had ever thought of how my hostess might feel. I could see how uncomfortable it would make her if I sat there speechless—a regular joy killer at her table. So I said to myself, 'I can at least look happy and interested.' 'Please talk and act as if you were having a delightful time,' I begged my partner. 'I never know what to say, but I'm willing to listen—and I'm so sorry for my hostess!' That made him laugh, and it wasn't a bit hard after that.

"Sometimes when the doorbell rings and I am the only one at home I have that wretched feeling that seems to freeze my tongue and intellect; but I say to myself: 'Now go down and act as you like to have other people act when you call on them.'"

"Bashful people are often the very best of people at heart; yet isn't there some truth in the idea that bashfulness is a kind of selfishness?"

### RAISING LILIES

RAISING lilies, either in the house or out of doors, is not difficult and offers good returns.

If you select strong, healthy bulbs and plant them properly, you can usually count on their blooming at a given time. Those planted in September will bloom at Christmas; to have them for Easter, plant or pot them in October or November.

Choose the location of an outdoor bed carefully. Lilies will not thrive in a wet place, where the soil is soggy and sour, or in too sunny a situation. Plant them in light, rich garden loam, in a place that is protected from the midday sun. Dig the soil over and over to a depth of several feet, then add sand and well-rotted cow manure. Never use fresh manure for lily bulbs.

Unless the place that you choose has good natural drainage, spread a layer of gravel or crushed stone in the bottom of the bed. Plant the bulbs at least six inches below the surface; err on the side of having them too deep rather than not deep enough, especially if the soil is light and sandy. As you plant each bulb, pack a handful of sand round it; that will prevent it from rotting before it can send out roots.

Although lily bulbs are hardy, it is best to protect the bed in winter, to insure large healthy blossoms. Before the cold weather sets in cover the bed with leaves, straw or coarse manure and place boughs on top, to hold the mulch down. In the spring remove the covering little by little.

For indoor blooming, pot the bulbs as soon as



Egyptian—brick red, blue, green; or, brick red, blue, yellow; all somewhat grayed

Chinese—black, yellow, turquoise blue; or, vermilion, gold and turquoise blue

they come from the florist. Put charcoal in the bottom of each pot, for drainage, and fill the pots half full of soil of the same kind as you would use for outdoor planting. Set the bulbs in, pack a little sand round each one, and add enough soil to fill the pot. Press the earth down firmly over the bulbs, then water them well, cover the surface of the soil with sphagnum moss to retain the moisture, and set the pots in a dark, cool place, such as the cellar, for six weeks. That will induce a strong growth of roots. You may have to water the soil once or twice during the six weeks, but if the cellar is damp that should not be necessary.

At the end of the six weeks bring the pots gradually into a bright light and remove the moss. Heat and light, as well as a moist atmosphere, are now essential to the growth of the lilies. As the plants become vigorous, water them freely, and if you wish use liquid fertilizer. Pour it on the soil, but do not let it touch the plants.

For winter blooming the best varieties are: *Lilium candidum*, which has large, waxlike, fragrant flowers and also a yellow variety of flower that ranges in color from light yellow to a rich apricot tint; *L. harrisii* (better known as the Bermuda Easter lily), a plant that has big, white, trumpet-shaped flowers; and *L. parryi harrisii*, a



Fig. 3

golden-yellow lily that can easily be grown in pots. *L. longiflorum*, often called St. Joseph's Easter lily, is not much used for indoor blooming, but it can easily be forced; it is much like the *harrisii*. When grown outdoors the *candidum* lilies bloom in June.

*L. auratum*, which comes to us from Japan, is the finest of the hardy lilies. It has a rare fragrance and large, chalice flowers with an exquisite frosted appearance, spotted with dark crimson and with a band of gold through the centre of each petal. It must be planted much earlier than the others and blooms in August. *L. japonicum* is closely allied to the *auratum*, and, though it is less vigorous, the flowers are large and of beautiful color.

The *speciosum* lilies send up several stalks from a single bulb, each stalk usually crowned with from six to a dozen blossoms. They are excellent for cutting, since—unlike most lilies—they grow on long stems. They are effective, too, in beds. The best varieties of the *speciosum* are: the *melpomene*, which bears beautiful frosted flowers, white-spotted and clouded with crimson, the petals very much recurved, with a mosslike fringe in the centre of each; the *rubrum*, which in color is something like the *melpomene*; and the *album*, which has pure white flowers of great fragrance.

Among the yellow hardy lilies are the *canadense*, which has bright yellow flowers spotted with black; the *batesianiae*, with clear, apricot-colored flowers; the *elegans erectum*, which bears erect flower clusters of orange spotted with scarlet; and the *superbum*, a strong-growing variety that yields a pyramid of yellowish flowers early in July.

The *tenuifolium* is an attractive hardy lily that has scarlet flowers. Another unusual-colored lily is the *brownii*. It bears large, waxlike blossoms of a chocolate-purple color on the outside and of pure white within. The *tigrinum*, or double tiger lily, is one of the hardiest and showiest of all lilies. Since it grows to be very tall, it is a good choice for backgrounds and hedges.

Ask any questions you wish  
about the contents of this page.  
They will be gladly answered.

## The FAMILY PAGE

Address your letters to THE  
EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE  
YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

### MARKETING

#### XV. Helps to Better Marketing.

THE most difficult problem that the farmer has to solve is how and when to market his crop. Crops are produced within a brief season, and most of them are marketed soon after they are harvested. The most natural time to sell live stock is in the fall, and the most natural time to sell wool is in the spring, just after shearing.

But the farmer has learned that it is not always best to sell his crop when everyone else is trying to sell; and he has observed that the consumer must eat and wear clothes twelve months in the year. He has also observed that it is the business of the so-called middleman to take the food that comes from the farm and hold it until the consumer asks for it. He notices that prices often rise after the rush of fall selling is over and remain high until the next crop is on its way to market; and he believes that it is his duty to himself to hold his crop until it is needed or until he can get from the consumer a price that assures him a fair return for the labor that he has spent in raising the crop.

But any man who engages in farming soon learns that prices do not move in the orderly fashion here assumed. He finds that sometimes potatoes are high in the fall and cheap in the spring. He learns that what gives promise of being a good price year proves oftentimes to be a year of low prices; or that, after he has sold in the belief that prices have reached their high point, they sometimes continue to go much higher. Many farmers think that it is all a matter of luck—that they have no influence whatever on the prices that they get for their produce, that the middlemen set the prices so as to get the farmers' crops for as little as they can, and that afterwards they raise their prices to the consumer so as to get as much as they can.

But even if we admit that the middlemen do look for good bargains both in buying and in selling, that does not explain the great price-level movements that cover weeks and months of time and affect the market prices of the entire world. Those price movements follow the size of crops and the market demand and in ordinary years can be vaguely foreseen months ahead. A great war or a financial panic may upset the estimates, but in the usual course a short crop of wheat the world over means high-priced wheat here in the United States; but a short crop of wheat in Martin County, Minnesota, or Kearny County, Kansas, may not mean anything at all so far as prices are concerned except a smaller return to the farmers of Martin and Kearny counties. A local shortage is easily made up by production elsewhere, but a general shortage, especially when one of the great exporting nations is concerned, is a matter of world-wide interest.

In the same way we can foretell with a fair degree of accuracy the shortage or oversupply of any kind of farm product, if it is of enough importance to interest those who buy and sell for a living; and, as we eat much the same amount of food and of the same kind one year after another, the man who knows how many potatoes there are in the country on November 1 can tell you, if he knows where they are, whether prices in March are likely to be high or low. Or, if we know whether the pig crop is good or poor, we can tell roughly whether hogs the following winter will bring a good or a poor price.

For almost any commodity that the farmer raises there are two and sometimes three sources of information. There is first the crop-reporting service of the United States Department of Agriculture. Its estimates are made up from reports sent in by thousands of farmers in all parts of the country on the condition of the crops in their neighborhood from the time they are planted until after harvest. The crop reports are published in the papers of the nation on the tenth day of each calendar month, but they do not mean much unless the reader studies them in comparison with similar reports of other years and also in the light of what is happening to the crops of other nations.

The International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, Italy, issues a monthly report on the crops and crop prices of all the leading nations of the world. That, like the report of the United States Department of Agriculture, is

made up from the reports of observers whose estimates taken together strike an average.

Both of the reports, each of which supplements the other, will be sent to anyone who will write to his Congressman for them.

Besides those reports, some of the larger banks, including the Federal Reserve banks, issue frequent statements of business conditions that are of value to the man who is looking ahead to see what the probable market conditions will be. If labor disputes are looming up and factories are shut down, prices cannot be high, for the consumer lacks money with which to purchase. But if economic conditions in Europe are improving, there is more than a chance that trade will quicken and that prices on all export products will strengthen.

Then, finally, there are the reports to be found in the trade journals that serve particular business interests. There are milling journals for the dealer in wheat, produce journals for the grower of and the dealer in cantaloupes, strawberries, potatoes, cabbage and all the other fruits and vegetables. And there are live-stock daily reports, both government and private. The information is based on the best knowledge the trade has of what is really happening, and so presented as to make it accessible to anyone who wants it.

And out of his experience, aided by such information as he can gather, the producer comes after a time to know what is best for himself—whether to market his crop as soon as possible after he has harvested it or to hold it until spring; but there is one rule that may be followed with unflinching safety. That is: A man never loses money by selling when the price is high enough to cover the cost of production and add a fair profit.

#### WOVEN MATS

MATS that will be found useful either in the kitchen or in the parlor can be made from a five-strand braid of rags or other material. Fine strands and delicate colors make a good table mat; coarser materials can be braided into a small rug for the floor. Silk scraps, sewed in straight lines and fringed at the ends, make a mat for a library table scarf or runner. A small circular mat that will fit any table

Here to this room,  
Laying our little irks and cares aside,  
Light-heartedly we'll come.

The circle that we make  
Will widen willingly for friend or kin  
Or for a stranger's sake.

No welcome here,  
Not even a crumb, for gossip, spite or grudge;  
Only for wholesome cheer.

We'll mix our food  
With sweet of intercourse and spice of mirth  
And salt of gratitude

And have the grace  
To bear ourselves most kind and comely when  
We gather in this place.

So He who blest  
And brake the bread in Galilean homes  
May be our daily guest.

### MOTTO FOR A DINING ROOM

This hand-lettered and decorated motto has been so printed that it may be cut out, mounted, matted and framed in a simple, half-inch-wide black moulding. The mat may be of bronze one inch wide at the top and sides and one and one half inches at the bottom. It should be cut to fit the design closely. Exposure to the light will cause the paper upon which the motto is printed to become a pleasant India tint, thus making an attractive color harmony with the bronze mat.

is made from pink and white materials. The five-strand braid is made as follows: Fasten the strands at one end; then, starting from either side, fold the fourth strand under the third and over the second, the fifth over the third and under the second, the first over the fourth and under the fifth. Then continue to fold the outside strips over one and under another as in weaving baskets. When you have made five braids baste them at each end, lay them side by side, edge to edge, and sew them with tiny over-and-over stitches. Mark on the mat the circle that is to be the circumference and stitch it on the sewing machine in three rows, close together. Trim the edge close to the stitching and bind it.

When coarse materials are used the rug can be either round or oblong, and the outside strip will form the edge. If a more elongated shape is desired, let the two outer strips form the sides and put coarse fringe across the ends.

### Tied-Dyeing

It is in the Family Page for October

#### THE OVERHELPFUL MOTHER

IN reply to an inquiry about her studies, a young high-school girl recently said, "I've had too much help in my French; so I haven't got along very well. You see mother knows French, and she likes to help me, and I've hated to take that pleasure away from her. But when I begin again next year I'm going to do it all by myself."

The love of independence and the joy of self-help are inborn in every normal person; they appear in the two-year-old who insistently refuses to be helped as well as in the young man who wants to "shift for himself." What healthy girl or boy fails to find zest in doing work all by herself or himself, in beginning a task and hanging on to the end, even though the way leads through hard places? Tasks are like games: they are no fun if they are too easy.

Today there is no spinning or weaving for the girl, no woodpile for most boys. As household

labor has lessened, the high-school curriculum has changed. The work there has grown harder; young people are expected to know more. Some wise parents have met the new conditions sensibly. Many welcome the serious study put upon their children; but some—and their anxiety is easily understood and forgiven—have tried to help by doing part of the work themselves. Many a mother confesses to hemming for her daughter when the assignments in domestic art are heavy or troublesome. Many fathers do the lessons in mathematics that are puzzling their children.

A young girl said recently, "I have a pile of essays that have good marks on them; but when I graduate I'm going to lay them away, tie them with ribbons, and label them 'Mother's Essays,' for she gave me the ideas for most of them and helped me to write all of them." That mother wanted her daughter to succeed, but she forgot that it was not a case of making an essay but an essayist.

Everyone knows the misguided, overhelpful mother who dresses her daughter beyond the family income. One mother works in a department store that her daughter may dress like a girl of fashion. The girl has an excellent voice, but she will never be a singer because the mother has taken away her power to do—the ability to hold fast unto the end.

A young boy came home the other day and threw his books impatiently on a chair. "I'm sick and tired of school," he said. His mother had some of the ideas of the Spartans. "I'm sick and tired of housework," was her reply, "but it's my work. Going to school is yours. Go ahead and do it." And the boy who was only a few months ago "sick and tired of school" has done so well at school since then that he is now president of his class and stands well in his studies.

To many young people life is becoming hard because it is too easy. Watch any normal, healthy boy or girl; see how a good hard task brightens the eye and brings to the face a glow of interest. Strong, healthy young backs need burdens to carry—not over-heavy, but good hard Latin verbs, algebraic equations, compositions that make them think, and the hundred tasks that are just heavy enough for the young backs to hold without strain but with wholesome exercise. When the parent comes along and lifts the burden, he subjects his child to the danger of flabby muscles, lowered vitality, loss of power, unfulfilled possibilities.

The dangers of overwork have been emphasized until the phrase is in current and continuous use. Is it not time to think of under-work and its attendant evils?

#### HOW? WHEN? WHERE?

IN this game the one who is "it," with no other help than the answers to the above questions, undertakes to guess the words the other players have chosen. The words selected must be two or more nouns that sound alike but have different meanings, as: reign, rain; hair, hare; see, sea; pair, pear, and so forth. When the girl who is "it" comes into the room with the others she asks, "How do you like it?"

"I think it's too noisy," answers one. "And much too fond of fine clothes," says another. "If it has a sweet voice"; "And lets me sleep in the morning."

"When do you want it?" the girl then asks. "At all times," one says. "When I am hungry for dinner," says another.

"But where would you put it?" she says. "Close beside me," says a boy. "I'd shut it in a tower," some one states. "I'd take it to the ball," says another.

From such answers you might guess that "belle" was the word chosen—belle, an attractive woman, and bell, an instrument of sound. Those who cannot guess must pay a forfeit.

#### FEATHERSTITCH DECORATION

AN easy way to decorate underwear and infants' clothes is to work a simple design in tiny single featherstitching.

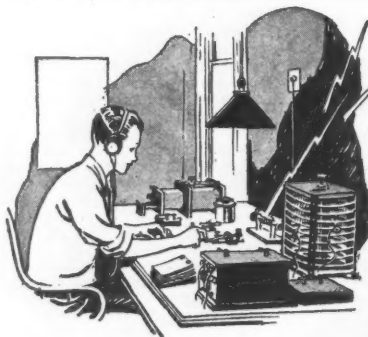
A design of overlapping circles, for example, with trailing featherstitch tendrils and a "lazy daisy" centre, makes an attractive finish for any of the garments mentioned, and the design can be varied indefinitely.



Ask any questions you wish  
about the contents of this page.  
They will be gladly answered.

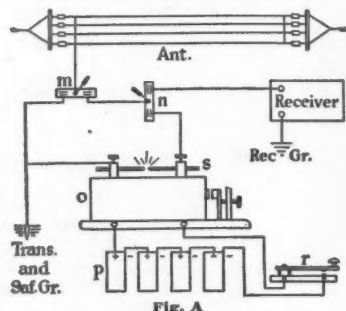
## The BOYS' PAGE

Address your letters to THE  
EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE  
YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



**T**HE spark-transmitter circuit for amateur stations will no doubt remain popular, even though the vacuum-tube, or continuous-wave, set for telegraph and telephone sending will share the favor of the amateur operator. Each system has its special merits. The tube set is very efficient and selective, but somewhat more expensive than the spark transmitter. The spark transmitter has the advantages of simplicity, strong construction and low operating cost. The amateur who is about to make his first radio transmitter will do well to make a spark set and learn the International Code.

The induction-coil-transmitter circuits described in this article are the original Marconi circuits, with a sending range of ten miles or



more, according to the size of the induction coil and the height of the antenna. A range of thirty-five miles is attainable with the circuits described when a sensitive audion circuit is used for reception. It will cost about \$15 to assemble either circuit, including the cost of the antenna.

The sending-receiving antenna is shown in Fig. A. It consists of four copper wires, solid or stranded, size about No. 14, stretched between two wooden spreaders, each two by three inches, and eight feet long. Shellac the spreaders and lay them on the ground forty to sixty feet apart, according to the length of antenna that you want. Run the four wires between the spreaders, correctly spaced, and pass the ends of each wire through a one-eighth-inch hole bored in the wood. Make the wires fast by giving them several turns round the spreader. About one foot from the spreaders cut each wire and insert a porcelain or glass insulator not less than four inches long. Connect the four antenna wires at each end with a cross wire and solder the contacts. Suspend the spreaders aloft with strong rope or wire bridges securely attached to the ends. The antenna lead-in may drop from any part of the antenna to the safety switch (m), placed outside the operating-room window, and pass through a tube insulator in the window casing. The safety switch is a single-pole, double-throw switch, with terminals not less than four inches apart. It will cost one dollar.

### FORMS OF ANTENNAE

The antenna may extend from the roof of the house to the roof of the barn or to a tree, or between poles. The umbrella and vertical types of antennae are also suitable for spark work. The sending range of a spark transmitter increases rapidly with the height of the antenna, though good results are possible with a small antenna. For example, a single copper wire passing along the tops of a row of fence posts for about one hundred and fifty feet and carefully insulated will serve as a sending and receiving antenna for moderate distances.

A safety ground wire, No. 14 or larger, leads from the safety switch (m) to a metal pipe buried several feet in the ground. It must be entirely outside the building and be well insulated from it. The antenna should remain switched to the ground when not in use, in order that any sparking electrical charge that might accumulate on the antenna during an electrical storm may pass harmlessly to the ground. When so used the antenna affords the same protection against lightning that a lightning rod affords. The safety ground wire serves also as a transmitter ground connection, as indicated in Fig. A. The receiver has a separate ground connection to a convenient gas or water pipe or to metal buried in the earth.

## A SIMPLE SPARK TRANSMITTER

The amateur should read and observe the insurance companies' rules for radio installations.

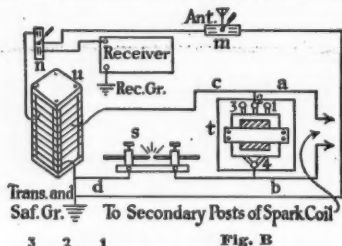
The induction coil (o) is a one-inch spark coil with a spring vibrator that operates on four to six dry batteries or a lead storage battery of six to twelve volts. It will cost about \$7.50. Larger coils can be obtained at a cost ranging from \$8.50 to \$15.

The spark gap (s) consists simply of two pieces of zinc or brass rod each insulated at one end and mounted adjustably with their uninsulated ends close together. As a suitable gap costs less than one dollar it is in the end far less expensive to buy one than to attempt the rather troublesome task of making one yourself. In this circuit the gap may for convenience be mounted directly on the spark coil. The spark jump will be reduced to about one eighth of an inch when the antenna and ground leads are connected.

### ASSEMBLING THE SET

The battery (p) is made up of ordinary dry cells connected in series. From four to six cells can be used, but the maximum of the group of cells should not exceed twelve volts. Dry cells cost about forty cents each. The key (r) is a simple telegraph key that costs about seventy-five cents. The switch (n) is a single-pole, double-throw switch mounted on a porcelain or a rubber base. It will cost thirty-five cents. With the switch the antenna can be connected as desired to the transmitter or receiver. Wire the various parts permanently to a wide board or table top, or for experimental work place the parts on a table and connect them with a flexible lamp cord. The contact point of the coil vibrator must be kept smooth by the occasional use of a file. If the battery voltage is too high, the contact point will spark badly and wear away. By means of the screw contact point adjust the vibrator for a smooth, clear spark and for the same purpose adjust also the size of the spark gap. The spark discharge of a small induction coil is quite harmless even when short-circuited through the body, though the sensation is hardly pleasant.

The signal wave length of the Fig. A circuit, where the spark gap is connected to the antenna and ground, will be equal to the natural wave length of the antenna. The antenna described, if it is about thirty feet high and sixty feet long, will have a wave length of not over 185 metres, depending upon the capacity effects of near-by buildings and trees. The actual operating wave length of an antenna of given dimensions can be estimated approximately only, and must be learned by test. If your antenna lead is attached to the middle of the antenna and not at the end, the wave length will be decreased by about 40 metres. Recent regulations permit spark transmitters to operate at wave lengths from 176 to 200 metres only. If you cannot obtain a wave metre to measure the wave length, ask a near-by amateur to tune for you with his receiver and to estimate your wave length by comparison with



other stations. If the wave length is below 176 metres it can be raised by placing in series in the antenna lead a number of turns of wire as shown in the antenna circuit of Fig. B. If the wave length is too high, cut down the length of the antenna. A rather broad and non-selective wave is sent out by this type of transmitter.

Fig. B shows how the spark coil can be connected to the antenna circuit by means of an oscillation transformer and a glass condenser. It gives a sharper and more selective wave; and a given antenna, if not too large, can easily be tuned for any wave length desired.

For a base for the glass condenser (t) plane smooth and shellac a piece of half-inch board, ten inches square. Get four plates of window glass seven by seven inches, and cut eight pieces of tin foil six inches square. Place a piece of the foil squarely in the centre of each side of each plate and stick it smoothly to the glass with very thin glue or paste. Lay the plates one on the other, and place them on the wooden base as shown in Fig. B. Cut five strips of tin foil, each

one half inch by five inches as leads from the plate foil to four binding posts screwed into the base. Insert the strips between the plates as follows: a strip between the lower plate (plate 4) and the base to post 1; a strip between the third and the fourth plate to post 4; a strip between the second and the third plate to post 2; a strip between the first and the second plate to post 4; a strip from the top of the first plate to post 3. Be sure that the inside ends of the strips make contact with the foil on the plate; run the strips one inch apart. Press the plates tight to the base with a light wooden clamp screwed to the base. The leads d and b are permanently soldered to post 4. When the leads a and c run to post 1 only a single condenser plate is in circuit; to post 2, two plates; to posts 1 and 2, connected, three plates; to posts 1, 2 and 3, connected, all four plates.

### THE OSCILLATION TRANSFORMER

The oscillation transformer (u) consists of a coil of ten turns of bare copper wire, size No. 14 or larger, wound round a square wooden frame. For base and top pieces of the frame, plane smooth two pieces of half-inch board each eight inches square and round the corners slightly. Make four corner supports, each one inch square by ten inches long, assemble the parts with screws and round off the outer edge of each support to correspond with the base and top pieces. Give the frame a coat of shellac. Wind the wire turns tight round the wooden form spirally, so that the turns shall be three quarters of an inch apart, and fasten the wire to the corner pieces with metal staples. Solder the ground lead to which lead d is connected to the bottom turn. The antenna lead and lead c have metal clips at the ends, which grip the turns of the oscillation transformer for tuning adjustments.

In Fig. B circuit the spark gap is removed from the top of the induction coil, and instead connected in the lead d as shown. Make the base of half-inch board, four inches wide and six inches long, and give it a heavy coat of shellac.

### ADJUSTING THE CIRCUITS

The various parts are now connected with flexible wire cord and are ready for adjustment. Attach leads a and c to the condenser post 2, which will place two condenser plates in circuit. Clip lead c to the fifth turn of the transformer, and the antenna lead to the eighth turn, counting from the bottom turn. Adjust the coil vibrator and the spark gap for a smooth spark. When you press the key and the spark jumps across the air gap two circuits are in an oscillating condition. The plate condenser has become charged by the current from the induction coil and has discharged across the air gap. The spark discharge causes the closed circuit, consisting of the gap, condenser, leads a, b, c and d and the turns of the transformer between leads c and d to oscillate at a wave length of about two hundred metres. The antenna and ground leads, and the turns of the transformer between the antenna and ground leads, make up an open circuit in a manner independent of the closed circuit. Now, if the size of the antenna is such that when the eight transformer turns are placed in the closed circuit and the wave length of the entire antenna ground circuit, including the turns, is close to two hundred metres, then the closed and open circuits will be in "resonance," and the signals transmitted will be strongest. If the wave lengths of the two circuits are not nearly equal, then they are not in resonance, and signals will be weak.

### A SHARP WAVE

The wave length of the closed circuit can be increased either by adding transformer turns or condenser plates, or both. The correct combination of condenser plates and transformer turns is the one that gives the best signals, as found by tests. The best position of the antenna lead clip can be found by asking some friendly amateur near by to listen to the signals as the clip is moved from turn to turn. The wave lengths of two antennae are seldom the same, even though of almost the same construction. Therefore, the right number of transformer turns in the open circuit must be found for each antenna by test, unless a wave metre can be obtained.

The induction coil transmitter is not powerful enough to permit the use of an inductively-coupled oscillation transformer such as used with sets of one fourth kilowatt or larger.

By what process is the electrical energy of the coil battery converted into electric waves strong enough to operate a distant radio receiver? An induction coil is made up of two separate coils of wire, called the primary coil and the secondary coil, wound about a central rod or core of soft iron, and a magnetic vibrator. While the key is held down the vibrator alternately makes and breaks the primary coil current and high voltage currents are set up in the large secondary coil by



induction from the primary coil and the iron core. The antenna ground circuit, when connected to the spark gap, as in Fig. A, or to the oscillation transformer, as in Fig. B, absorbs energy from the secondary coil current, or the closed circuit. As the high-tension current discharges across the air gap in a series of sparks the antenna circuit oscillates electrically, and a small part of the energy in the antenna is radiated through space as electric waves. The rate of speed of electric waves in space has been accurately measured. They travel with the speed of light, or approximately 186,000 miles a second.

Amateur radio is under the supervision of the United States Department of Commerce, which on request will mail copies of the official regulations and blank applications for licenses for sending stations.

### FEATHER DARTS

**Y**EARS ago boys used to make feather darts that afforded them many hours of sport.

Take a round stick—a broom handle will do very well—and cut off pieces about one and a half inches long and bevel one end, as shown in Fig. 1. Bore the piece from one end to the



other to keep it from splitting. Drive a two-inch wire nail through the hole, so that the sharp end will project about half an inch or a little less, as shown in Fig. 2. With a drill or a bit bore three holes in the end that holds the head of the nail (Fig. 3) and stick three feathers firmly in the holes. You will have a dart that you can throw at a tree, a fence, a box, a barn or any other wooden target, and it will always strike point first and stick there.

### UNION FOOTBALL

**B**OYS who like football, baseball and basket ball will be interested in the game of union football, which Professor Bencroft of the Wilkes-Barre High School invented. The game combines many of the attractive characteristics of the three other sports. The boy who desires to play union football well must learn to think quickly, to kick hard and accurately, to pass the ball swiftly and precisely, to be sure of his catches and to be fast when he is running bases.

With one or two exceptions the rules that govern baseball apply to union football. It is played on a baseball diamond or any other level ground on which the bases can be marked. When two teams of nine players each have been chosen the captains decide which team shall first take the field, or be "out," and which shall be "in." After that the teams alternate.

In general the players of the side that is "out" have the same positions on the field and the same duties as the members of a baseball team. The only difference is that there is no battery. The player who corresponds to the pitcher stands between first and second base and assumes the duties of an ordinary infielder. The catcher may stand at one side of the home plate instead of behind it. His duty is to handle the balls that fall near the home plate.

Instead of a baseball either a football or a basket ball is used, and instead of batting the ball the player kicks it. The first man "up" of the side that is "in" takes the ball and, standing at the home plate, kicks it out. He may punt it, drop-kick it, place-kick it, kick it along the ground or in any other way that he chooses and, so long as it is within the foul lines, anywhere he chooses.

Having kicked the ball, he runs to first base. If the ball is caught before it touches the ground,

or if it is passed to first base before the runner gets there, or if it crosses the foul line, he is out. In fielding the ball a player may pass it directly to the base, or it may be relayed from one fielder to another, or, instead of passing it, a fielder may kick it to the base.

As in baseball a play ends when the fielding team has control of the situation and can throw out any runner who attempts to leave his base. The ball must be fielded to the base reached by the kicker, or, in case he has been caught out, to first base, before the play can continue. Then it is passed to the next kicker at the home plate.

A base runner may not take a lead, but must keep his foot on the base from the time a play ends until the next man up has kicked the ball. Both kicker and base runner are entitled to take as many bases as they can on any play.

Five outs constitute an inning, and twelve innings a game. The number of innings in a game, however, can be changed to suit the wishes of the players. The score is counted as in baseball. There may be one or two officials to give decisions on plays, but they must keep off the playing field.

### BALLS FOR ATHLETICS

ANY ball that consists of a leather envelope with a rubber bladder inside it should be laced carefully and in the right way if it is to keep tight and wear well. First be careful in putting the bladder into the cover. After you have inserted it straighten it out and adjust it all you can before you inflate it.

Lace the ball part way up before you inflate it; there is then less danger of puncturing the bladder. Tie a knot in the end of the thong to keep it from coming clear through, then put the opposite end through the eye of the needle. Take the first stitch in an end hole, inserting the needle from the inner side of the cover and drawing it through toward the outside; that is, away from the opening. Running the needle toward the opening causes many needless punctures. Continue lacing in that way, toward one side and then toward the other, until the lacing passes loosely through all the holes.

Now join the tube of the bladder to the nozzle of the pump and inflate the ball to its full capacity. Do not inflate it with your mouth; the moisture and acids are injurious to the rubber, and the film on the rubber is harmful to the lungs. The popular idea that it saves the bladder to leave it a little soft is a mistake. It hurts the bladder, and it hurts the game. Every ball for athletics should be kept tightly inflated. It does not strain the bladder if it is of the correct size for the cover.

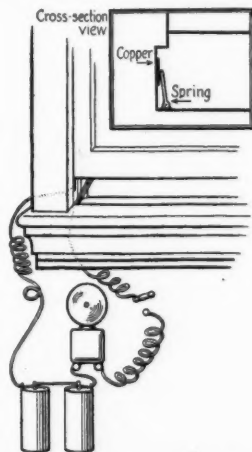
Hold the tube firmly when you detach the pump, so as to avoid any wrenching movement.

Double the tube over sharply on itself and wind it tight with a rubber band. Do not use string, for it will cut the rubber. When the tube is bound, push it well under the leather cover and finish the lacing by tying under the free end. A buttonhook is a handy implement for drawing the stitches tight.

### A SIMPLE BURGLAR ALARM

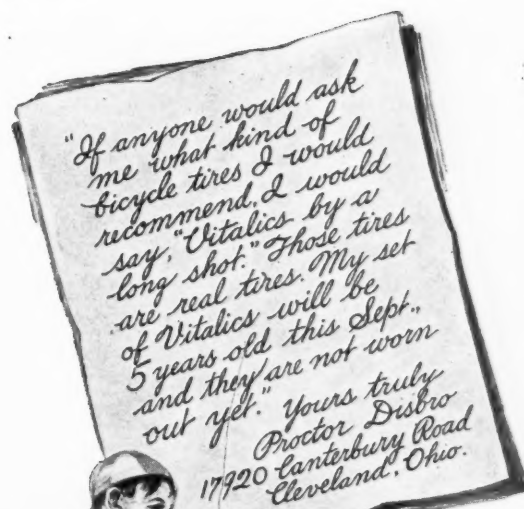
A SPRING such as you can take from a cheap mousetrap, a cell or a battery, an electric bell, a strip of copper and some wire are the materials needed for a simple but effective burglar alarm.

Cut a niche in the lower part of the window casing, as shown in the illustration, and on the inside tack the strip of copper. Then attach the spring to the bottom of the casing so that



the window sash when lowered will hold it down, and when raised will allow it to come in contact with the copper. Drill a small hole through the window frame to the niche and attach one end of a wire to the copper; attach another wire to one of the nails that hold the spring. Then connect the two loose ends to the bell and to the battery, as shown in the illustration.

To set the alarm bend down the spring and let the window rest upon it. When the window is raised the spring will jump back into the niche and ring the bell. A switch in the circuit will allow you to turn off the alarm when you wish to keep the window raised.



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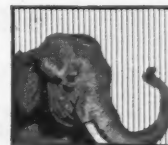
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### MOUTH BREATHING

**W**E do not need to have any special knowledge of medicine to understand the dangers and drawbacks of mouth breathing. Parents are aware that no child can develop properly, either mentally or physically, until the conditions that underlie mouth breathing have been removed. Enlarged tonsils or adenoids blocking the breathing passages are usually to blame, and in such a case it is useless to tell the child to keep his mouth shut.

Fortunately, the poorest parent is now able to get treatment for his child in our city clinics, but great disappointment sometimes follows the operation for the removal of adenoids. The child does not respond as expected, but remains delicate and slow with his studies, and his mother may exclaim: "He had his adenoids removed, and he is just as bad as ever!"

On examination, a child of whom that is true will generally be found to be still breathing through his mouth, probably on account of nasal passages that need to be cleared of mucus, and also partly because mouth breathing has become a habit with him. When mouth breathing has persisted for some time the muscles all round the lower part of the face become weak and disinclined to perform their job of holding the face in proper position, and it is necessary to resort to exercises to train them to do their work. Thus a few minutes spent with the child every day will meet with good reward. First he must be encouraged to draw deep breaths with the mouth shut. The nasal passages must of course receive attention if necessary, for no being, young or old, can keep on breathing through blocked nostrils. Then the child should be taught the difference between superficial top-lung breathing and deep, or bottom-lung, breathing; he should practice gymnastics with the arms while breathing deeply.

But all effort will avail little if the habits of sleep undo the work of the day. If the mouth falls open as soon as the child is asleep, then mischief goes steadily on all night. The teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth and throat are exposed to germs; the natural moisture of the mouth dries out, and the child awakens with parched throat and tongue. In such a case a simple and most efficacious remedy is the use of a small square of thin sticking plaster to fasten the lips together. It is not at all an unpleasant remedy, and it helps to establish a good habit.

### "A MAN'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT"

**L**ORD KITCHENER, who was essentially a military man, was not readily impressed with the importance of any civilian. He had become rather forgetful of names; and it has recently been told of him that during the Great War the accounts he would give of momentous conferences with cabinet officers, parliamentary leaders and other great folk often filled his hearers with mingled horror and amusement. They were likely to contain such casual phrases as: "There was a chap who said—I don't remember his name, but he had curly hair."

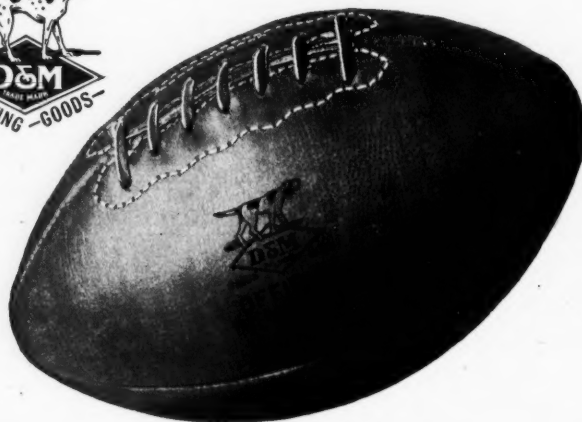
A corresponding forgetfulness of a name famous in an alien line of achievement was once shown by a rising county politician, still a little new at the game, who accompanied an older hand to Amesbury, Massachusetts, a good many years ago for a quiet session with the local leaders. As they left the hall together after the meeting he observed complacently to his companion, "Well, we've started the ball all right, and I guess we can trust 'em to keep it going. They don't seem much of a crowd, but there's one fellow among 'em,—I don't recall his name, but he had a long face and eyes like the late lamented D. Webster,—he's got good, practical ideas; he knows what's what and what'll get us where!"

The "practical" person whose name the politician had forgotten was the poet John Greenleaf Whittier, who was indeed as practical as he was idealistic when it came to politics. Of the identity of the person the forgetful politician was promptly informed, to his vast astonishment.

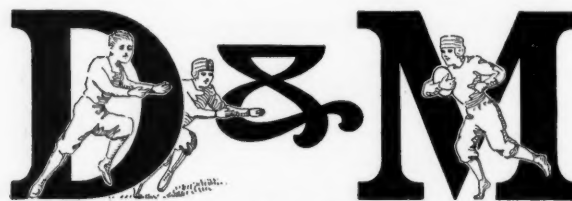
"Him a poet!" he ejaculated. "A poet that writes poetry! I'd as soon have expected you to tell me he was an artist that does hand-painted flowers! That man's a man!"

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